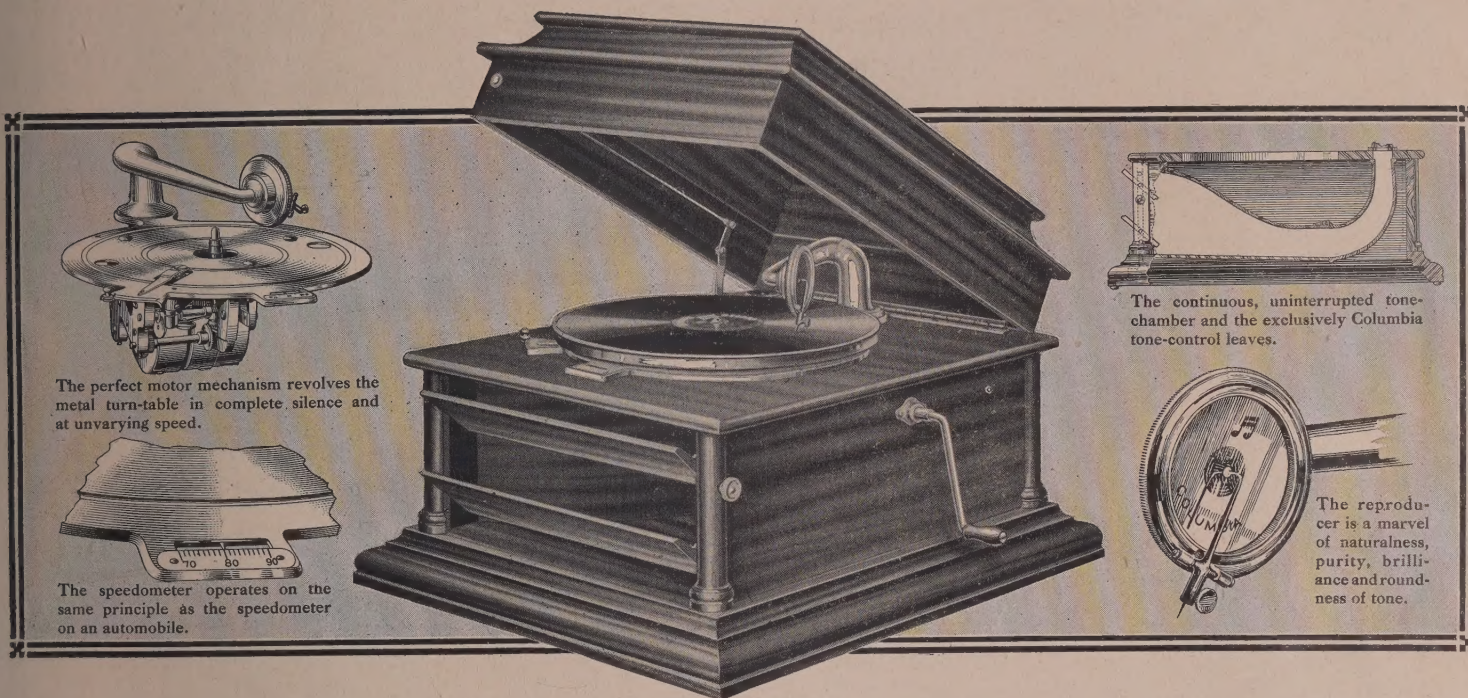


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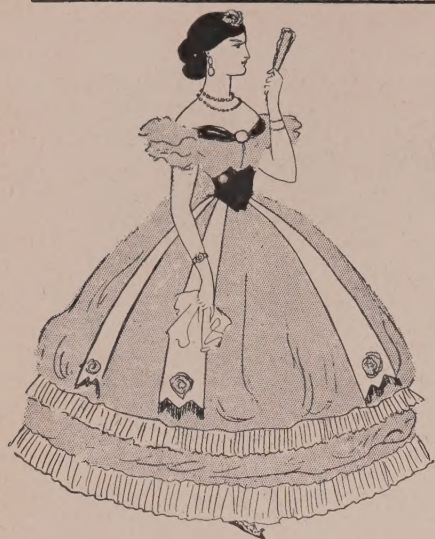
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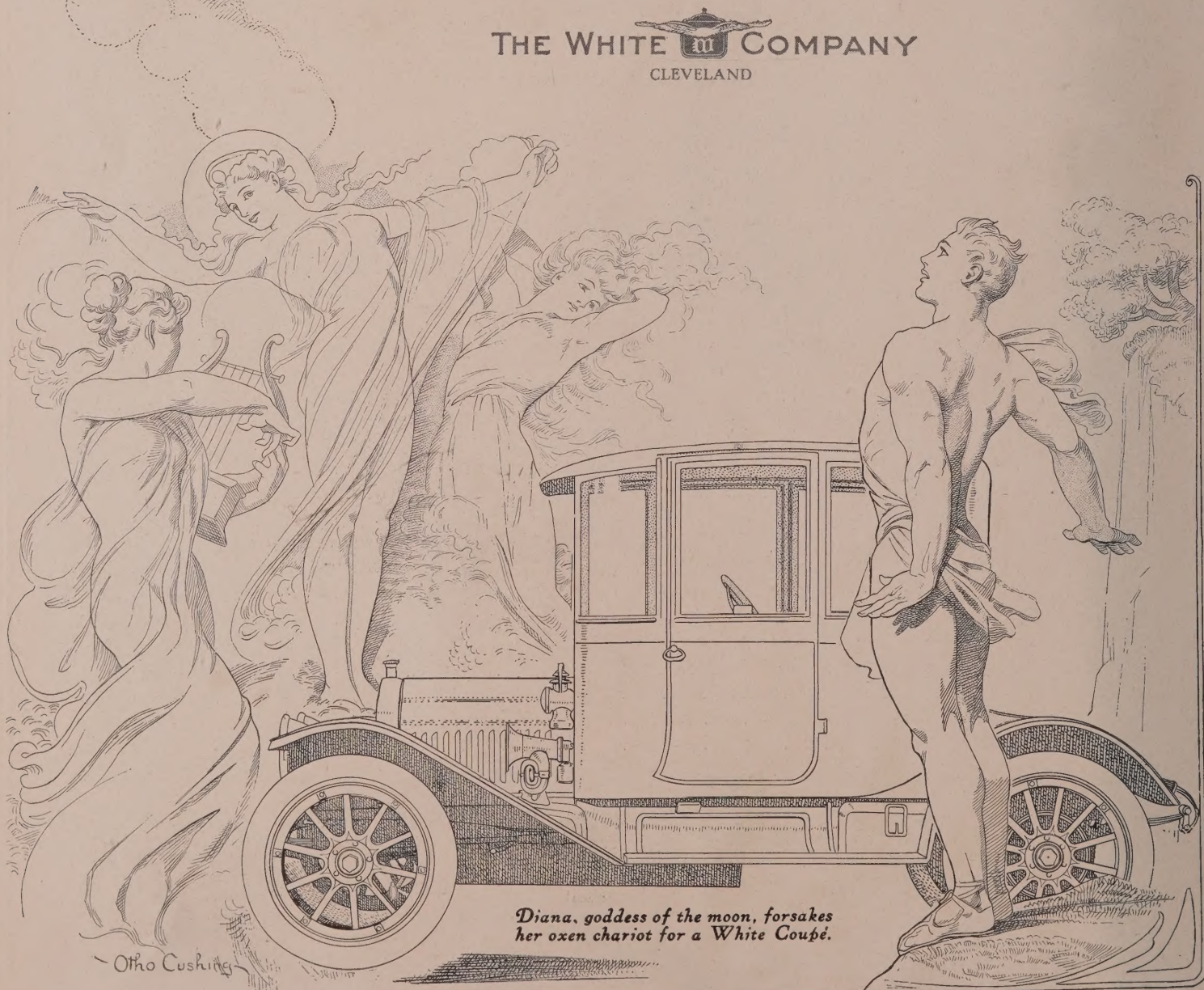
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THE THEATRE

VOL. XVIII

SEPTEMBER, 1913

No. 151

Published by the Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City



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CYRIL MAUDE

The distinguished English actor who comes to New York shortly on his first American tour. He will be seen here in some of his most successful characterizations



Otto Sarony

MAUDE ADAMS



Sarony MARGARET ANGLIN



Sarony JOHN DREW



JULIA MARLOWE

OPENING OF

THE first guns of the new theatrical season have already been fired. At the Longacre, Thomas Wise opened with Edward Locke's comedy, "The Silver Wedding." At the Fulton, Richard Bennett has resumed with Brieux' pathological drama, "Damaged Goods." At the Lyric has been seen "When Dreams Come True." At the Maxine Elliott, George Scarborough's drama of white slave life, entitled "The Lure," has met with a substantial success. At the Thirty-ninth Street, the farce, "Believe Me, Xantippe," is on view. At the Globe, Richard Carle and Hattie Williams are appearing in "The Doll Girl." At the Cohan are our amusing friends, "Potash and Perlmutter."

From now on the openings will come in rapid succession. At the Lyceum, August 28th, Harrison Grey Fiske will present Ferenc Molnar's new comedy, "Where Ignorance is Bliss." On September 1, Julia Sanderson will again be seen at the Knickerbocker in "The Sunshine Girl." On the same evening Mr. Ames will produce at the Comedy a domestic drama by Mark E. Swan entitled, "Her Own Money," with Julia Dean in the leading rôle.

Of Shakespeare this season we shall have aplenty. On September 1, at the Empire, John Drew will appear in a Shakespearean play for the first time since he has been under Charles Frohman's management. He will be seen in "Much Ado About Nothing," Laura Hope Crews playing Beatrice to Mr. Drew's Benedick, and Mary Boland the Hero. There will be special music for this production which, it is announced, will be unusually elaborate.

Edward H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe open at the Manhattan Opera House the first week in September and during their five weeks' stay in New York they will present these plays: "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Taming of the Shrew," "Merchant of Venice" and "Twelfth Night."

About the same time that Sothorn and Marlowe are giving Shakespeare at the Manhattan, Forbes-Robertson will begin at the new Shubert Theatre what is announced as his farewell tour of America. The famous English actor will play, in addition to his Shakespearean repertoire, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," "The Light that Failed," and George Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra."

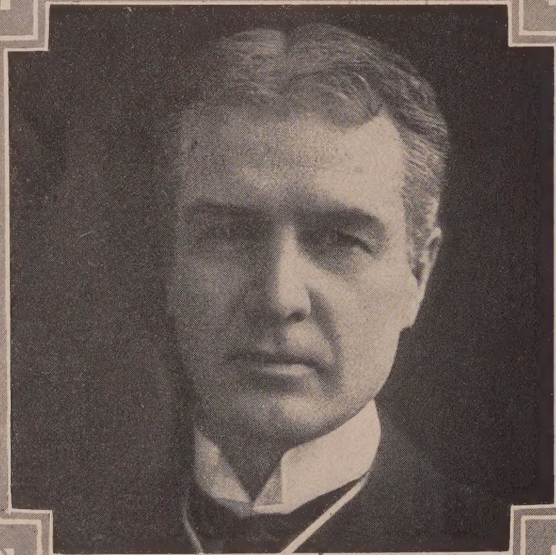
Later in the season, William Faversham, appearing under his own management, will again play "Julius Caesar," and will add for this season "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet."

Margaret Anglin will make a Shakespearean and classical tour presenting Greek plays and Shakespearean repertoire.

Still another Shakespearean player is Robert Mantell, who this season will make an elaborate production of "King John," his wife, Miss Genevieve Hamper, appearing as Prince Arthur.

At the time of going to press, Mr. Belasco's plans have not been made public. This manager, however, is known to have at least two foreign plays among his scheduled productions for this and next season.

Early in September Richard Harding Davis' farce, "Who's Who," will be given at the Criterion, with William Collier as the star. Blanche



Sarony

WILLIAM GILLETTE



White

FRANCES STARR



E. H. SOTHERN



JOHN MASON



Sarony BILLIE BURKE

THE SEASON

Bates has a new Barrie play called "Half Hour," in which she will be seen in October. In conjunction with this piece she will appear in a three-act play by Stanley Houghton entitled, "The Younger Generation," the cast of which necessitates the employment of thirty good players, including Ernest Lawford. Mme. Nazimova is to continue in "Bella Donna," on tour, until next March, when she will sail on a tour round the world. Otis Skinner will remain in "Kismet" for the present. John Galsworthy's new four-act play, "The Mob," will be produced here in December, prior to its London presentation. Two other Barrie fifty minute plays will be given this season, the one called "The Will" and the other "The Little Policeman." Mr. Frohman also has a new play by Edward Sheldon which will be produced in October, new comedies by Thompson Buchanan and Stanley Houghton, and a play by Henri Bernstein which will be produced for the first time in New York. Ethel Barrymore will probably be seen in a four-act play by C. Haddon Chambers, from the novel, "Tante." A London success, "Eliza Comes to Stay," will be presented in January with the entire company from the Criterion Theatre, London, H. V. Esmond and Eva Moore playing the leading rôles. Donald Brian follows Julia Sanderson at the Knickerbocker in "The Marriage Market," To the Garrick, on September 15, comes "Madam President," a play by Veber and Henniken.

Among other foreign musical pieces to be seen here are: "The Girl on the Film," now running at the Gaiety, London; "The Little King," which was given in Vienna, a play entitled, "The X-Ray Girl," now being written by Paul Rubens, author of "The Sunshine Girl"; a musical review by Caillavet and de Flers, who have also completed the book of "La Montansier," which Harry B. Smith will re-adapt for America. Mr. Frohman has secured the American rights of Oscar Strauss' latest operetta which will be seen in London and New York almost simultaneously, and he also has the rights of "The Laughing Husband."

Maude Adams will begin her New York engagement about Christmas, appearing at the Empire first in "Peter Pan," and later in Barrie's new play, "The Legend of Leonora." Following this, Miss Adams will be seen in another Barrie programme, consisting of "The Ladies' Shakespeare, Being One Woman's Version of a Notorious Work Edited by J. M. Barrie," and "Rosalind."

William Gillette will open his season in November in repertoire. In December, Billie Burke will appear in W. Somerset Maughan's four-act comedy, "The Promised Land." John Mason has a new play by Augustus Thomas called "Indian Summer."

The Shuberts have an unusually interesting list. They have an English play, by Monckton Hoffe, entitled "Panthea," the theme of which is likely to create a sensation, and they have also several new plays by American authors: "A Modern Girl," by Ruth C. Mitchell, "The Warning," by Arthur J. Eddy, and another called "If We Had Only Known." Two American comedies will be produced, the first a dramatization of the "Pa Flickenger's Folks," stories which appeared in the *American Magazine* and later published by the Harpers. Bessie Hoover



MRS. FISKE



Sarony

ETHEL BARRYMORE



Sarony

BLANCHE BATES



Lillian George
CHRISTIE MACDONALD

is the author of the stories, and they will be put on the stage under the title, "The Winning of Ma." The other comedy, by Albert Lee, is called "Miss Phoenix," and deals with modern New York life.

Louis Mann will be seen in a play by Clara Lipman (Mrs. Louis Mann) and Samuel Shipman. The play is called "Children of To-day," and is a satirical comedy. Bertha Kalich will be

seen in a translation of a German play which has already won success in Germany. It is by E. E. Ritter, and is called "Her Son's Wife."

A play called "Suttee," by Guy Bolton, to be presented here for the first time, is described as a problem play dealing with a woman who is married to a man who has wrecked his life. George Scarborough is the author of another play, "At Bay," which is to be presented with Guy Standing and Crystal Herne.

Of foreign plays the Shuberts will present Granville Barker and his English company in three plays, in-



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GRACE GEORGE

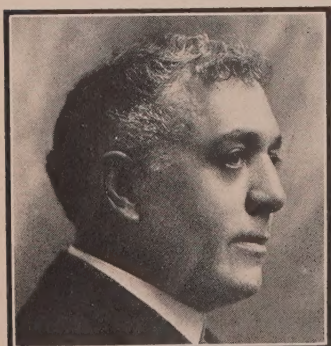
cluding one by Barker, one by Shaw, and one by John Galsworthy. "The Whip," which was in New York last season, is to be brought back and there will be presented three Drury Lane successes—"Hop o' My Thumb," "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and "Dreadnought."

A Max Reinhardt spectacle, "Turandot," will be presented during the year. The only French plays so far listed is Lucien Nepoty's "Les Petites," which will be produced here as "The Little Ones."

The first musical production to open the Casino, will have several members of the Gilbert and Sullivan company of last season, headed by De Wolf Hopper. This company will play "Lieber Augustin," given last season in London as "Princess Caprice." The music is by Leo Fall, who wrote "The Dollar Princess" music, and the book by Welisch and Bernauer.

"Oh, I Say!" is another musical play to be seen here, though it was originally a French farce and is now running in London. For the Winter Garden Gaby Deslys has been engaged to appear in November, and to make a tour afterward in a new piece.

Arnold Daly will play the lead in "Gen. Sir John Regan," a part originated in London by Charles Hawtry.



White OTIS SKINNER

The third season of Winthrop Ames' Little Theatre will begin early in October with the comedy, "Prunella, or Love in a Garden," by Lawrence Housman and Granville Barker, with accompanying music by Joseph Morat. Mr. Ames' new playhouse in West Forty-fifth Street which will be called The Booth Theatre, in honor of Edwin Booth, will be opened the first week in September with Arnold Bennett's new drama, "The Great Adventure." Janet Beecher will play the leading feminine rôle in this piece. Paul Apel's comedy, "Hans Sunkicker's Ride to Hell," has also been secured by Mr. Ames in conjunction with the Messrs. Shubert. A new drama, by Cyril Wentworth Hogg, called "The Clash," will be produced later. Mr. Ames has also entered into negotiations with Granville Barker to bring his Shakespearean productions here.

Mrs. Fiske will go on an extended tour in Edward Sheldon's play, "The High Road," and later this actress will be seen in a new play, the title of which has not yet been



Otto Sarony
ELSIE FERGUSON



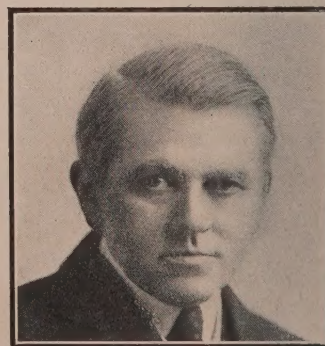
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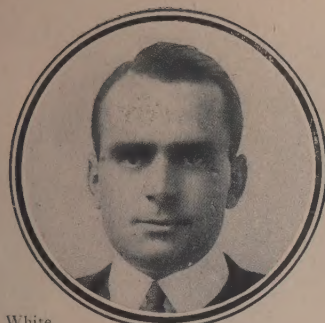
White
ALICE DOVEY

made public. Allan Pollock will play the leading rôle in a new American comedy by Hutcheson Boyd and Rudolph Bunner, which will be produced this season.

Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger will present Bert Williams, the colored comedian, in an extravaganza adapted from "Robinson Crusoe," by Glen MacDonough. They will also produce C. M. S. McLellan's and Ivan Caryll's new musical play, "The Little Café," with Hazel Dawn and John H. Young, and they have secured "The Envious Butterfly," an operetta in three acts, by Carl Lindau and Bruno Granichstaden. Franz Lehar's new play, "The Ideal Wife," presented in Berlin with Else Alder in the leading rôle, will later be seen in this country, as will Fraulein Alder. This management has a contract for "The Circassian Beauty," a musical-play by Willner and Steffan, and they will bring over in its entirety Michael Faraday's company and production of "Amasis," the Egyptian musical play. Another production on their list is the dramatization of Harold Bell Wright's novel, "The Winning of Barbara Worth," by Edwin Milton Royle. They have also scheduled for early presentation, "Silk," by Frank Mandel and Helen Kraft, and later A. E. Thomas' drama, "Marie Claire," will be given. At the Liberty the season will



White DAVID WARFIELD



White
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

play, by William J. Hurlbut, entitled, "A Strange Woman," and William H. Crane has a new play by Martha Morton. In conjunction with Henry Miller, Klaw and Erlanger will present "In the Vanguard," a play by Mrs. Spencer Trask. This piece will be seen for the first time in Chicago in September.

Grace George has a new comedy, by Avery Hopwood, in which she will appear in September, and a comedy entitled, "Any Woman Would," by MacDonald Hastings. Mr. Brady has made an agreement with the directors of the Grand Guignol, of Paris, whereby the most successful of their playlets will be seen at the Princess. He will bring over in November a company in "Hindle Wakes," headed by Her-

open with a revival of "Rob Roy." The New Amsterdam opens with "Sweethearts," with Christie MacDonald in the leading rôle. The popular comedian, Maclyn Arbuckle, will be seen in "The Merry Martyr," a new musical comedy by Glen MacDonough, based on Leo Birinski's comedy, "Narrentanz." About October 1, Elsie Ferguson will be presented in a new American

Cent., a comedy by Porter Emerson Browne; a comedy drama entitled, "Back Home," from the book by Irvin Cobb, who with Bayard Veiller, author of "Within the Law," is making it ready for the stage; a new comedy by Edward Laska called "The Brain Promoter," and George Middleton's "Home Ties," a play based on woman suffrage, will also be produced.

The distinguished English character actor, Cyril Maude, will visit this country next month, presenting his chief London successes, including "Beauty and the Barge," "The Second in Command," "The Headmaster," "The Flag Lieutenant," "The Toy-maker of Nuremberg," "Toodles," and Austin Strong's "Rip Van Winkle." Marjorie Maude, his daughter, recently leading lady to Sir Herbert Tree and George Alexander, will accompany him.

"The Money Moon," a comedy by J. Hartley Manners, based on Jeffrey Farnol's novel, is another play to be presented. The musical piece, "The Tik-Tok Man of Oz," by J. Frank Baum and Louis Gottschalk, which has had a profitable



Mistkin
WALLACE EDDINGER



White
WILLIAM FARNUM

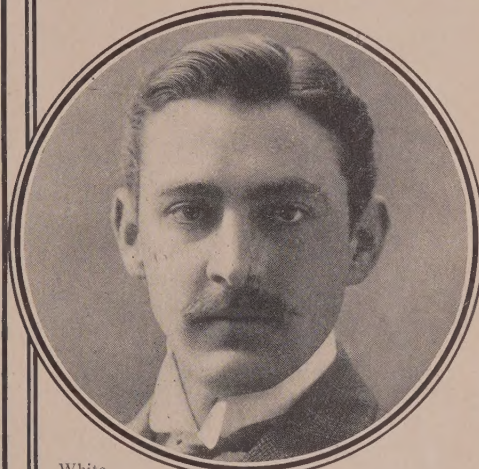
bert Lomas and Emilie Polini. A piece called "The Family Cupboard," will also be presented. Other plays to be produced are: "The Co-Respondent," by Rita Weiman and Alice Leal Pollock; "A Lady of Long Ago," a romantic melodrama by J. P. Drayton, and "Come Home, Smith," by James Montgomery. "The Lone Star Girl," a musical version of "The Texas Steer," will be given at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre. Madge Kennedy will be seen in a new play by Philip Bartholomae entitled, "A Day Dream."

Wallace Eddinger will assume the leading rôle of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," dramatized by George M. Cohan from Earl Derr Bigger's novel of the same name, which is to be seen at the Astor on September 1. Edgar Selwyn's farce, "Nearly Married," will be presented on the same date at the Gaiety Theatre, with Bruce McRae in the cast. Raymond Hitchcock will be seen with Flora Zabelle in a new musical play. George M. Cohan will begin his last season as an actor at Cohan and Harris' new Bronx Opera House, September 29, making his farewell to the stage in his own play, "Broadway Jones."

Douglas Fairbanks will be seen in "Cooper Hoyt, Inc.," by Frank Lord and Hugh Ford, a new three-act comedy. "520 Per



White
EDNA GOODRICH



White
JOHN BARRYMORE

run in Chicago, will be brought to New York. For the present, Laurette Taylor will continue at the Cort in

J. Hartley Manners' comedy, "Peg o' My Heart." In conjunction with John Cort, Oliver Morosco will present "The Elixir of Youth," in Chicago, and he also has "The Fox," a crook comedy by Lee Arthur; "Gauntlett's Pride," a satire by J. Hartley Manners, and "Barbaraza," a tragedy by the same author.

In addition to six "Within the Law" companies, the American Play Company will produce "Fair Play," by Christie Matthewson, the well-known pitcher of the "Giants," which he wrote in collaboration with Rida Johnson Young, and "Under Cover," a play dealing with smuggling operations as they are conducted here. Jane Cowl will be starred about Christmas in a new play by Marguerite Mayo, and Helen Ware also has a new play. Margaret Illington, who is to head "Within the Law" Western company, will be seen later in a new drama.

At the Park, on September 29, Longfellow's "Evangeline" will be presented. The stage version is by Thomas Broadhurst and the incidental music by William Furst. Edna Goodrich will play the title rôle. A new play, as yet unnamed, by Eleanor Gates, author of "The Poor Little Rich Girl," will be produced early



Sarony
JULIE OPP



HAZEL DAWN



JULIA DEAN

To appear in Mark E. Swan's new play, "Her Own Money"

in the season, and a new comedy drama by Rachel Crothers will also be presented. The European success, "The Deluge," by Henning Berger, adapted by Frank Allen, which has been seen in Norway, Sweden and Germany, will also be presented here.

The Hudson reopens with a new play by Bayard Veiller entitled, "The Fight," in which Margaret Wyckley has the leading rôle. Following the engagement of "Damaged Goods," at the Fulton, a new play by Dion Clayton Calthrop and Cosmo Gordon Lennox entitled, "The Shadow," will be produced by the James Forbes company. A. H. Woods will offer in

November a play of modern American life by Alfred O. Warburg and Col. Jasper Ewing Brady entitled, "The Pharisee." Marcus Loew is to present the former vaudeville headliners, Montgomery and Moore, as musical comedy stars.

Henry W. Savage will present "Uncle Zeb," a comedy by Rupert Hughes, with Willis Sweatnam in the leading rôle. He will also produce "The Gypsy Leader," "The King of the Mountains," a French comedy entitled, "La Demoiselle de Magasin," and "Delftland," by P. Hans Flath and Dr. Margaret Crosse. Other plays to be produced are: "Miss Swift of New York," with Julian Eltinge in the leading rôle; "Seven Wives and Seven Days," by William Parker Chase, "Her Little Highness," "The

Jolly Peasant," and "Mr. Poppie."

H. H. Frazee will present "The Realist," a new play by Eden C. Greville, a new play by Frances Whitehouse and a modern drama by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, author of "Widow by Proxy." "Adele," a new musical comedy written by Jean Briquet and Paul Hervé, the American adaptation by Adolph Phillip and Edward A. Paulton, will be seen at the Longacre. The comedy, "The Love Leash," by Anna Steese Richardson and Edmund Breese, will be presented in October, and about January, a satirical farce comedy by Guy Bolton entitled, "The Rule of Three," will be seen here.

In October Messrs. Werba and Luescher will present Leo Fall's operetta, "The Jolly Peasant," with David Bispham.

Lady Constance Steward-Richardson, Mlle. Polaire and Gertrude Hoffmann will make an international world tour together. They will open in September at Washington, D. C., and close two years later in San Francisco. Miss Hoffmann, representing America, will have a new revue of twelve scenes; Lady Steward-Richardson, representing England, will interpret classic dances alone, and Mlle. Polaire, representing France, together with a supporting company of twelve artists, will present her latest Parisian success, "Le Visiteur."



GEORGE M. COHAN

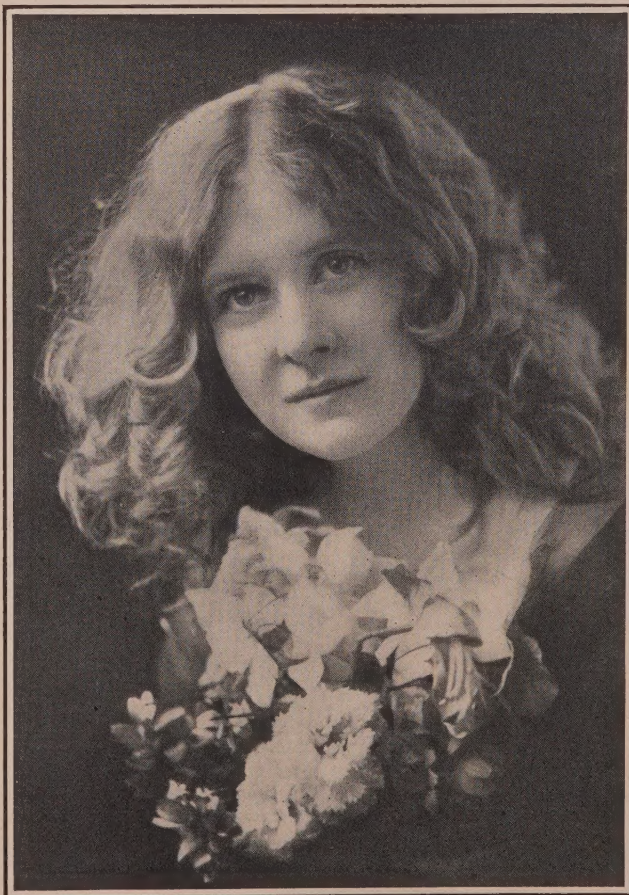
Who makes his farewell to the stage this season

Florence Macbeth—A Singer of the Royal Line

THE musical sensation in London this summer was the appearance at Queen's Hall, on June 13th, of Florence Macbeth, a young American coloratura soprano, hitherto unknown to fame, yet who, declares a London critic, is likely to prove herself of the royal line, the line at one end of which still stands Mme. Patti. This is astounding praise from the always conservative and exacting English critics, but it appears to voice the general opinion of this artist who has been secured by Signor Gatti-Casazza for the Metropolitan Opera House and, according to the latest cable dispatches, has also been engaged by Impresario Campanini for the Chicago Grand Opera Company.

Florence Macbeth was born at Nankato, in Minnesota, twenty-two years ago, and for four years has studied singing under Mr. Yeatman Griffith in Italy, America, and London. "She possesses," says the London *Daily Telegraph*, "a voice of quite remarkable range, as witness the fact that she sang to an invited audience in Queen's Hall, not only the *Bell Song* from 'Lakmé,' but also the famous air, *Una Voce poco fa*, from 'Il Barbière,' which has a compass of well over two octaves; and of these she made absolute child's play. To so remarkably gifted a singer they were in-

deed child's play, these 'show pieces' of a generation before her. But these were trifles, for after them Miss Macbeth was asked to sing the abnormal and musically hideous coloratura song from 'Ariadne,' of which we have heard so much in the last few days. Like the songs already referred to, this, too, was sung not only with the most complete precision, but with an apparent joy that almost reconciled one to its abnormality. In these extracts Miss Macbeth showed a voice that is perfectly even and flawless from the low G sharp to the F sharp in alto, or as nearly as possible three octaves. No doubt other singers exist who have a wide compass of somewhat similar range, but frankly, in many years we have not heard a voice that has throughout its whole extent the same warmth of tone, the same astounding roundness, the same absolute accuracy of pitch, and the same beautiful quality from its lowest notes to its topmost heights, and we doubt if such a voice has been heard since Madame Patti first appeared. With her amazing breath control and the other qualities enumerated, Miss Macbeth, it seems, must inevitably have a career that may well prove historical, and her commands of facial expression seems to indicate that the operatic stage is her evident destiny."



FLORENCE MACBETH

The new American coloratura soprano who has met with phenomenal success abroad and who has been engaged for the Metropolitan Opera House, New York



White George Probert Mary Nash
Act II. In the spider's web. The victim of the Cadet's brutality calls for help
SCENE IN "THE LURE," AT THE MAXINE ELLIOTT THEATRE

Dorothy Dorr Lola May

LONGACRE. "THE SILVER WEDDING." Comedy in three acts by Edward Locke. Produced on August 11th last with the following cast:

Ludwig Koehler.....Thomas A. Wise
Ottomar Klotz.....Frank McCormack
Juan Jacinta.....Guinio Socola
Karl Rehbein.....Carl Hemmann
George Eckhart.....Calvin Thomas
Heinie Schmidt.....David Ross

Hans Weighart.....Gerhardt Jasperson
Frau Koehler.....Alice Gale
Martha Koehler.....Cecile Breton
Lucy Rehbein.....Edna Temple
Margaret Rehbein.....Violet Moore
Frieda Hachradt.....Lillian Ross

This is a very big and comprehensive city, so it is just possible that it contains a great number of unsophisticated citizens. If so, it is from this class that "The Silver Wedding" will depend upon to draw for audiences at the Longacre Theatre. Edward Locke's original comedy in three acts is a harking back to those days when "Josh Whitcomb," "Jed Prunty," "The Old Homestead" and "Way Down East" were such popular favorites. It is just possible that after such an influx as has been had of the crook plays, with their thieves and white slavers, that even Metropolitans will be glad to return to the placid and sentimental happenings of farm and suburban life.

The star of the piece, and he is certainly that, as from rise of curtain to final fall he is hardly ever off the stage, is Thomas A. Wise, who enacts Ludwig Koehler, a Pennsylvania Dutchman and a saddle-maker. A man of genial impulses, there is still a stubborn streak in him, which comes to a head when he hears his prospective son-in-law say something about "a pigheaded Dutchman." He believes this refers to him, for as his cantankerous disposition increases, each of the cast applies the same remark to him. He refuses his consent to his daughter's wedding to a young drug clerk, and much of the fun takes place in the second act where, as leader of the local band, he is forced to attend her wedding. The third act takes place a year and a half later. In the kitchen he and his wife are celebrating their silver wedding. He longs for the daughter's return. The local populace gives the old couple a surprise party, while the real surprise for him comes when his daughter, her husband and their baby arrive to bring about general contentment and good cheer.

It is certainly a shoestring of plausibility on which Mr. Locke has builded his comedy. To a story and form as ancient as the hills the author has utilized a dozen or more of the old details and cross purposes of early Victorian farce. The arrangement is neat and dextrous, but there is woeful reiteration, and the amplification of incident and prolonged employment of detail wears upon the nerves. Mr. Wise is rather his own comic self than a Dutchman, but the wife is played with a simplicity and sustained expression by Alice Gale that is quite Cottrelly-like in its finish.

THE NEW PLAYS

Susanne Willis Vincent Serrano

Frank McCormack lends valuable aid as a cross-grained friend, and Lillian Ross is expertly precocious

as a diminutive maid servant. A Portuguese barber is acted with true Latin vivacity by Guinio Socola, and the village parson with gentle dignity by Carl Hemmann. The stage settings are Crummles-like in their verity. There is a kitchen pump that squeaks when it pours out real water.

WINTER GARDEN. "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1913." Play in two acts. Dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge; music by Jean Schwartz and Al. W. Brown. Produced on July 24th with this cast:

Usher.....Tony Hunting
Tired Business Man.....Harry Gilfoil
Modern Poet.....Herbert Corthell
Bully Billie Burke.....Corinne Francis
Cinderella Janis.....Laura Hamilton
Scarecrow Stone.....Freddie Nice
Punkin Montgomery.....Charles DeHaven
Never-Say-Die-Collier.....Wellington Cross
The Sunshine Girl.....Lois Josephine
Fair Lillian.....Grace Kimball
Mrs. Potiphar.....May Boley
Parcel Postman.....Lew Brice
Peg o' My Heart.....Molly King
Michael Rab.....By Himself
An Ex-President.....Edward Begley

Broadway Jones.....Charles King
"Woody".....Sydney Grant
Caby Gwendolyn.....Lillian Gonne
Joe Garson.....George Le Maire
Conspiracy Bill.....Frank Conroy
Inspector Burke.....John C. Thomas
Her Butler.....George Hanlon
His Reflection.....George Ford
Pavlovnaperdansk.....Bessie Clayton
Fairy Queen Gab.....Charlotte Greenwood
"Chicago Red".....Henry Detloff
Maggie Pepper.....Virginia Gunther
Patricia Paprika.....Neil Carrington
Lettie Lettuce.....Neil Howard
Olive Oil.....Irene Markey

These mid-Summer productions and reviews are getting to be very serious matters. Instead of being sources of relief to the poor, tired business man, they exact of him more gray matter than even his daily commercial or professional duties call for. Watching such a show as is now in view at the Winter Garden, "The Passing Show of 1913," he runs great danger in various directions. First, there is danger of incurring strabismus from the marvellous color schemes evolved by Melville Ellis; then the strain occasioned in trying to determine who's who in a program of half a dozen pages of closely printed names is calculated to bring on the fidgets. Jumping from scene to scene (there must be at least twenty of them) is a severe mental tension while watching a regiment of shapely young women do stunts on a flight of stairs, numbering thirty-two steps in all, but calculated to bring about nervous prostration.

It was George W. Lederer who inaugurated this type of show at the Casino many years ago. His formula was to put a little of everything in his entertainment at the first performance. Frequently the final curtain would not fall till long after midnight; then the next day he would eliminate what fell flat and build up and amplify that which got over. Something like this will be and has been done by the Shuberts. Their show needs it. The first act in professional vernacular "went big," but what followed was something in the nature of an anti-climax.

Shows of this kind are built,

(Continued on page xi)



Forbes-Robertson's Farewell to the Stage



KING GEORGE'S Birthday Honors' List this year contained no name more respected than that of Johnston Forbes-Robertson. In making the actor the recipient of knighthood it may well be said that the title is honored by the man, rather than the man ennobled by the title; for, apart from his transcendent gifts and long and honorable career upon the stage, his wide culture, high ideals, exquisite refinement, and above all, his flawless character, easily single him out as a man among men. Whether we view him as actor, artist, orator, or erudite Shakespearean scholar, we see ever the modest, equable, unassuming, yet courtly English gentleman.

His career of thirty-nine years as an actor and actor-manager might seem phenomenal did we not remember the tenacity of the Scotch blood that flows in his veins. Never at any time of robust physique, always giving forth his best, ever working toward the highest ends, yet he has kept steadily on with splendid poise and a dignity that has never failed him.

Sir Johnston, as might be expected, is of gentle birth. His father—who went from Aberdeen to London more than half a century ago—became a very celebrated art critic and historian. His mother, though living the sheltered life of a gentlewoman of those days, had a cultivated mind, strong character and many graces. He himself decided to become an artist and studied at the Academy with that end in view. Strange to say, however, another man's failure changed the course of his life and paved the way to the success that now is historic. It happened thus: The play, "Marie Stuart," had been running at the Princess's Theatre, and the author, when complaining to the elder Forbes-Robertson of his dissatisfaction with one of the characters, met with this rejoinder: "Yes, our Johnston could do better." He was then twenty-one years of age and experienced only in private theatricals; nevertheless he was given the part at a stipend of four pounds a week, and has been on the stage ever since. Not, however, altogether dropping his art work, for throughout his career he has designed and sketched the costumes and scenes for his own productions, and also taken time for the portraiture of many eminent people, including the great statesman, William Ewart Gladstone, Ellen Terry, Modjeska, Mary Anderson, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and his own wife and sister-in-law, Gertrude and Maxine Elliott.

Of surpassing interest is the way in which he came to play his greatest rôle, that of Hamlet. We prefer to give it in his own memorable words, as they so graphically portray his innate modesty, and throw light as well upon two charming friendships:

"Every actor-man who has fancied himself has always played Hamlet all over the shop. A great many people—my friends, of course—had urged me to try, but it always seemed to me an impertinence to make a great play the means of such personal advertisement. But when Mr. Irving also advised me to try

Hamlet I began to think of the project more seriously. Miss Terry often spoke of it and it was her generous belief in the idea that persuaded me. She argued that a pianist never hesitated to play a Beethoven sonata; that it was considered a pious, not an arrogant ambition. Putting a similar case in another art gave

me a new view of the matter. Except for Miss Terry's kindness and persistence, I don't suppose I should have ventured."

And so, when Sir Henry Irving went on tour, Forbes-Robertson took over the Lyceum Theatre and brought out his own wonderful version, and was promptly accepted as the greatest Hamlet of modern times—some even claiming him to be the greatest the world had ever seen. It ran a hundred nights in London and then was presented abroad. Later, he repeated his triumphs in America, even in Philadelphia, where Shakespeare is enshrined in the hearts of the people.

Second only to Hamlet is his delineation of Shylock, which

character he invests with an imperious dignity, in striking contradistinction to the cringing, servile figure of other presentations. All who saw him in that exquisite play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," which ran continuously for three years and was lauded by all classes of people, the clergy as well as the laity, will remember the large percentage of Jews present at every performance. It was accounted for by the weaving in of a splendid tribute to the Jewish race; which, declaimed in the wonderful voice of Forbes-Robertson, thrilled one like a message from above. The glory, the majesty of an ancient people stood forth; the sordid, the unlovely—wrought by ages of contumely and oppression—seemed to fall away, and hard, worldly faces took on strangely sweet and purified expressions. So in "The Merchant of Venice," it is the Gentile who stands before the judgment bar, and Shylock is proven more sinned against than sinning.

In addition to his gifts as artist and actor Sir Johnston has the distinction of being one of the three best public speakers in England on the suffrage question, his personal friend, Earl Grey—former Governor-General of Canada—and Israel Zangwill being the other two.

Best of all, his married life sheds lustre on the stage, for his union with Gertrude Elliott, his leading lady, has been one of rare happiness. It could not very well be otherwise, for she is as good as she is beautiful and gifted. She was born in Maine and is a graduate of the New York State Normal School, yet California

proudly claims a share in her, too, for her father, Captain Thomas Dermot—retired from the sea—transferred his home to East Oakland many years ago. Hence, it came about that his younger daughter studied for a time in San Francisco, crossing the Bay back and forth to do so. She is a very fine impersonator of the heroines of Shakespeare, particularly so of Ophelia, which she renders so touchingly and with such an appeal to the heart that in it she achieves a personal triumph, although many declare her "pièce de résistance" to be Cleopatra in George Bernard Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra."

Sir Johnston and Lady Forbes-Robertson are blessed with three children, all of them girls. The eldest, Blossom—slender and exquisite as her flower-name—goes to boarding-school now and already shows aptitude in art. Jean has an amazing head of hair and great originality, while Baby Chloe makes a picture sweet enough to rival the widely-heralded one of "Baby Stuart."

MARION TAYLOR.



GERTRUDE ELLIOTT (LADY FORBES-ROBERTSON) AS OPHELIA





Copyright, Lizzie Caswall Smith **SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON AS HAMLET**

This distinguished English actor will make an extended tour here this season, it being his farewell to the stage. He will open in New York in October with a repertoire including "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," "The Light That Failed," and the Shakespearean plays

STAGE REALISM OF THE



THERE are strange whisperings in the air that are full of new dramatic material, new voices that thrill the soul with a murmur of a new generation, new faces that tell us the story of a different heart interest in the world.

In my theatre in New York is a studio as comfortable and restful as I always hoped it would be. Years ago I lived in it. It was not very costly then because it was merely a luxurious dream. However, it was the place of my ambition in my youth as it still is. It is now the place of more mature reverie perhaps, for as my hair grows white, I find it is really the place where I have spent all my life—a private corner of it.

From the windows of my theatre studio I find the sunsets are as tender, the storms as terrific, the sea and the sky as beautiful, the moonlight as caressing, everything as it was when I was young. The stars were above, and God is there among them still, but great changes have happened in the world.

The dramatist's task has changed because everyone is thinking to-day. The elemental moments of crisis in nature are the same, but the emotions have changed their form. Happiness



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DAVID BELASCO

A master in the art of mixing the colors of drama

and grief no longer express themselves in the same form of theatrical illusion. We have grown up, we must treat our emotions with more dignity and respect, because we have a better knowledge of the truth.

There are really few stage secrets to-day. They have mostly all been told, and therefore my studio which was once a place of illusion perhaps, has become a study room; for the theatre demands a transcript of life, not an adaptation. Stage pictures must have the substance and the spirit of reality, for men and women have gone beyond the superficial expression of feeling. The words of a

play are fewer, as they are in life. The drama of to-day must be straight to the truth, unadorned. The limitations of the artists, the actor and actress, are the only hindrance to the realism of the future. This, to me, is the mystery of all mysteries.

Why should there be a sudden obstinacy of artistic perception, why any final effort of the eternal soul in this life?

There is scarcely an actor or an actress known to fame, scarcely a distinguished contributor to the literature of the theatre of my day, who has not shared the secrets of my studio. I can hear their voices, feel the thrill of their power and genius as did those generations of theatre-goers over whom they reigned. And then suddenly something has gone wrong; the light of their souls is growing dim, the life of tragedy or comedy has grown weak in them, their artistic career stops.

There still remain the few primary colors of which all drama is painted, but

the skill of mixing these colors has increased. The whole scheme of playwriting has changed as the world has grown younger.

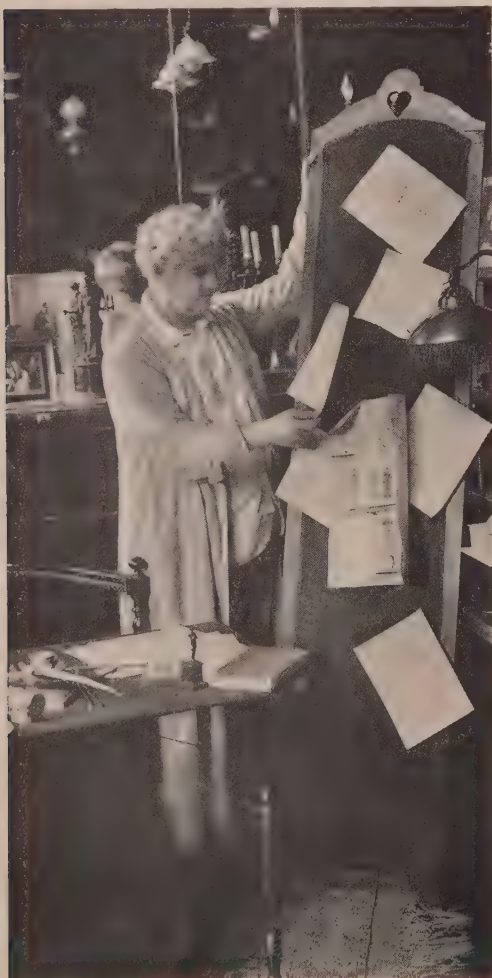
We speak of the past as old-fashioned. The present is youth, the past is old age. It has always been so. In all the years I have spent in active work the theatre has always set a new task for the producer. Stage traditions were good enough for a while till the audiences outgrew them, and then began the conflict between the old theatre and the new.

One day the heroine who used to shout her grief till the gallery shook found no sympathy with her audiences. Her snorts of pain, her rhythmic sobs were no longer appreciated. The acrobatic heaving of her bosom did not effect her audiences as they had in other years.

What is the matter? Have they really grown tired of emotional acting? No, they knew more about emotions, that is all. The world had made a few striking discoveries, people had been reading, and it has set them to thinking. They had never denied the truth of emotional experiences. They had simply found out that there was nothing athletic in them. This sort of emotional display became too unreal even for the license of theatrical illusion which old theatre-goers allowed their actors; so the ranting heroine of melodrama was banished from the stage.

The hero walked the plank next and plunged into oblivion. His waxed mustache, his pretty painted cheeks, his perfectly penciled eyebrows, and his effeminate air of virtue no longer found a place in the hearts of the most susceptible. He, too, was banished with the disgraceful epitaph upon the tombstone—"A Matinée Idol."

There were few who believed that the stage villain could ever be reformed, however. His sinister appearance and desperate, criminal heartlessness was an asset which the playwright parted with reluctance. What would become of the third act thrill if this picturesque figure of villainy were subdued, they asked? So obstinately he continued to dissemble with such obvious energy that the audiences wondered why it took five acts to unmask him. His doom was sealed with the rest, however, and the producer had to get rid of him. He was replaced by a new villain, the sort of man whom no one suspected, whom no one feared, whom everyone liked. He became the chief object of sympathy. In a little while people felt sorry to see such a splendid, amiable, good-looking chap go wrong. He was such an alluring devil,



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"I believe in the play that deals in crises of emotion"

FUTURE = By DAVID BELASCO

too, that he won the tender fancy of pretty women, and took the place of the once wooden hero. It was very difficult, indeed, at this time to get a hero who made good with the public, because the new villain was the most popular. I feel that he has done a great deal of good, though with all the harm he could.

There still remains the adventuress to deal with. For years and years she could never be an American. No amount of ingenuity would permit such a seeming falsehood. For many years she was associated chiefly with French, or Italian, or Spanish blood. Her badge of dishonor was the cigarette, her favorite color was a smashing red, the heels of her shoes were immoral, and her black wig denoted the recklessness of her character. She usually spoke in broken English to establish her identity as an undesirable alien. It didn't matter so much how broken the dialect was, that too, was immaterial. Most of the stage adventuresses were beautiful women, and these actresses contributed a great deal to the fashions of their days. We have not quite overcome this stage prejudice to an American-born adventuress, but the newspapers and magazines are gradually enlightening us. Briefly, these were the obstacles to theatrical progress which have brought about theatrical realism.

To disperse them was easy enough, to replace them was the difficulty. The ethics of drama demanded their utility. The search for their substitutes brought about an interesting awakening for the stage. In replacing the old-fashioned heroine we had to dig into the more vivid sort of literature. The producers began to look around to see what people were doing when they were not in the theatre, and they found they were reading stories. The writers had been keeping abreast of the times. The theatre had clung too long to its tradition. Then came a vogue for the book-play. This gave the theatre a literary uplift. In dramatizing the book the theatre gave new heroes and heroines.

Personally, I must say, the book-play did not appeal to me so much. A good deal of the first-hand subtlety of human nature was lost in the welding process of printed fiction to the breath and life of the stage. I had always lived close to the heart-beats of men and women. It was like trying to make a painted swan curve his neck like a real one, or to give a property bird the illusion of wings that would make it really fly.

The essence of success in

a theatrical production, I have always believed, lies in its surprises. All lives have their moments of importance, and they are the thrills—the dynamic emotion. Why they happen, and how they

come about, is realistic drama. With an accumulated knowledge of what should not be done in the theatre, I have always found more than I could use, of things that could be done. The

province of literature is entirely outside the province of the theatre. Of course, I can speak only of my own dramatic views, with which some have differed.

I believe in the play that deals with life in its moments of importance, in a crisis of emotion. It is strange, that life in its most prosaic moods is always exposed to them. Emotional feeling comes unexpected, swiftly, with an after-effect that startles us with some new wisdom. We have learned something we

never dreamed of in some unexpected emotional experience. These were things which I tried to apply to my productions. To meet the progress of current psychology rather than adapt the meaning of current events has been my chief industry.

I knew that the heart of the wanton had all the humanity of all women, but that her life was obviously full of dramatic contrast. She was an heroic figure. She was an heroic figure to the crowd that looked on, and followed the surprises of her emotional experiences. I knew that in most women's lives the horror of temptation had been secretly fought, and that they would



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"I live close to the heartbeats of men and women"



Copyright, 1909, by David Belasco
"The limitations of the actor and actress are the only hindrance to the realism of the future"



Marion Hale



Anna Wendell



Daisy Virginia



Beatrice Allen

Photos White

FOUR ATTRACTIVE PLAYERS NOW APPEARING
IN "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES"

understand the thrill of the wanton's dramatic conflict.

Then, too, I knew that most women are spiritually redeemed, and that here was material for a suggestion of the beauty of a soul that had been dragged through the mud—triumphantly restored to the peace that passeth all understanding.

Long before these two plays in which I had visualized these facts had made their success, long before the production of "The Heart of Maryland," my dramatic purpose had broken away from stage tradition. My productions were modern pictures of modern life. My aim has always been to find the dramatic material of the future, even if it led me to the edge of a rainbow. It has often done this, for intuition is a master one must not disobey.

Nearly everything I have selected for dramatic production has been chosen under the spell of intuition. An instinct for the theme that is uppermost in the world's progress is no credit to the individual, because it is a gift. I realized long ago that an era of new dramatic material would surely arrive. I felt that before long we of the theatre, would reach up and touch the rainbow of human aspiration at their best, at the intangible line that divides the natural from the supernatural.

Within the past few years we have been reading a great deal about these mystic themes which involve our emotion. For the realism of the future I have always found my inspiration in magazines and books. Preferably, the magazines, because they have popularized psychology, not only in this country, but all over the world. I watch and read a great deal, and so I search for a dramatic crystal. A new play is the final result of my intuition for the universal theme of interest.

As the past has accomplished its evolution of progress in the theatre logically, so the realism of the future is arriving. The evolution was crude enough at first, then startling, and now, to-day, we are on the threshold of a theatre that is adapting itself to the spiritual and supernatural.

If we can dramatize the present, as I believe we should, let

us dramatize the most absorbing, the most prophetic events of our lives, especially those which concern the banishment of evil, and which establish the eternity of spirit. Not that I believe in limiting the theatre to one theme, to one formula of dramatic material, because that would narrow the tremendous scope of the stage. There is always room for the big play, whether the theme is finance, or divorce, or religion, or of the passion. There is room even for the big burlesque, if it is the best. For myself, I am interested chiefly in the idea that is on the horizon, in the problems of the soul, for they are the most compelling facts of the present.

There are so many of them, too, that the man who is looking for the new play must use his utmost intelligence to keep up with them. It has been my habit to carry a theme for a play in sub-conscious darkness for some time before it is molded into dramatic form. Time was when we in the theatre were all looking for new plots. It seemed then, that the triangles of human emotion, the rule of love divided among three, would be an endless calculation for the dramatist. This idea soon outgrew its dramatic usefulness, because it is no longer a problem to the world, it is merely a symptom of an irritating condition. The plot is secondary, the idea is the whole of the play. Preferably it must be the new idea.

I have sometimes thought that the essence of life is in its mystery. The things that happen are not always done through our own cleverness, but through an influence we have not yet discovered. A play is only a bit of life, and yet it contains all of life as we live it. There is the supernatural in almost every event,

no matter how prosaic the incident. We are growing nearer to the supernatural consciousness, which is the next step in stage realism of the future.

I remember when I produced "The Darling of the Gods," with Mr. Long, we often discussed this question in my studio. In this play the first direct appeal to the supernatural perceptions of the public was made. I was very much in doubt whether the theatre could accomplish this appeal, whether it would be



Lights and Shadows, danced by Cross and Josephine



Laura Hamilton, Freddie Nice, Charles De Haven



Lois Josephine and Wellington Cross



Frank Conroy

George Le Maire



Mollie King as "Peg o' My Heart"

Photos White

On the steps of the Capitol

SCENES IN "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1913" AT THE WINTER GARDEN

understood, whether the poetry of a supernatural tableau would be received in a spirit of reverence. However, it was an incident in the play which represented part of the Japanese religion. It belonged there and it made a profound impression. I refer to the apotheosis of the play, its final scene.

And there is another way by which the realism of the future in the theatre will be revealed. By searching in the magazines and the newspapers, and the everlasting output of the printing press, one may find the unusual theme, but, as I said, there is another way, which is quite beyond any reasonable calculation. In my own experiences I have been unable sometimes to justify my selection of a theme. I only know that there is a dormitory for ideas, where they sleep quietly as long as they please, and when they awake they drag me with intense energy to the stage. Where they find lodgment, or how long they sleep, is immaterial. They are the whisperings of new thought that fill the air, the unspoken truth, seeking definite form.

Whenever I try to solve this mystery of how I find myself producing a certain sort of play, I think of that wonderful picture of Elihu Vedder, the well-known American painter. He tried to give form to an idea that was vague, but deeply rooted in the human heart; the idea of spiritual eternity. His picture represents two figures. They are there in a mist, a vapor, a place between earth and heaven.

One says, "When did you come?"

The other replies, "I only died last night."

To-day some of us are trying in the theatre to do what Elihu Vedder did, to give

It is the poetic adaptation of nature that must absorb the producer of stage pictures. Though his canvas is limited it is no more so than the painter's canvas. Beyond the margin of a miniature the whole world can be seen, if the miniature is faithful. It is easier to produce an effect in a circus, or upon a huge stage,



Moffett
PAMELA GAYTHORNE
Lately seen in "Our Wives"

than it is in the proscenium of a regular theatre. The language of stage lighting is the language of the poets that commands the sun, the stars, the sea and sky to speak.

So much that is kind and complimentary has been said about the lighting of my productions that I have always been greatly encouraged to devote my utmost efforts in that direction. If the successful results of my light effects were merely a matter of mechanical invention, they would be adaptable to any theatre, but they are not. There are

always distinguished copyists who can feel the artistic duty of an original picture when it is before them, but the original painting still retains its singular identity. In a much lesser degree, the lighting of each new scene I have produced is a new and original picture that retains its identity once I have painted it. My process of producing light effects bears the same relation to the stage that the painter bears to his canvas.

I have often sat in an orchestra seat at rehearsal and painted a moonlight scene from my recollections of an actual one. I have directed the distribution of light and color on the canvas as a painter manipulates his colors, shading here, brightening there, till the effect was complete. It was all done at one sitting for the first time, but I could never repaint that picture. Once I had worked out the lighting of a scene, sticking at it sometimes till I was almost blind; there are no changes afterward. Mechanism completes it, but the inspiration of a few hours makes it.

In this way the artist keeps

(Continued on page ix)



Moffett JULIAN L'ESTRANGE
To appear in Ferenc Molnar's new comedy

substance and logic to the unknown, to make a forecast of the inevitable. This, I think, is the highest purpose of art, to prove that poetry as well as prose, may serve the interests of information in fact. We are too often inclined to neglect the reason of poetry, and yet, all nature is its justification.



Matzene MARGARET ILLINGTON
Playing Mary Turner in "Within the Law"



Photo Harris and Ewing

MISS GENEVIEVE HAMPER

Now leading woman with Robert Mantell, and to play the part of Prince Arthur in Mr. Mantell's forthcoming production of "King John"

I T was bound to happen. Tartarin, almost the last brain child

"Tartarin" on the Parisian Stage

When Tarascon refuses both these desserts (in the book) you can appreciate

born to that gentle and exquisite writer, Alphonse Daudet (last, it would seem, of the Frenchmen to remember the delicate, sparkling, clever French of their ancestors), could not be kept off the stage indefinitely. As the craze for adaptations, dramatizations, etc., has not spared Paris while it swept like a devastating wave over the rest of the world, the surprise is that this great and immortal incarnation of the French genius delayed his appearance until the close of the season of 1913. To be definite, Tartarin of Tarascon—Tartarin on the Alps—made his début on the stage of the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre in Paris at the fag end of the theatrical season. August heats which almost certainly would have killed any other creation for the theatre nursed Tartarin tenderly and forced his growth. A Meridional, this stifling heat was his native climate and he waxed big and strong while yet in his swaddling clothes. This is the same as saying that Leo Marchès' picturesque comedy in five acts and seven tableaux, entitled "Tartarin sur les Alpes," was a tremendous success, and that is the fact, however it is expressed.

The new play—it is more of a spectacle than a "picturesque comedy"—is admirably adapted to the Summer season. The very title is refreshing, and people in Paris who cannot afford to go to the Alps were delighted to see them transported to a corner of the boulevard. With a sweep or two of the scene-painter's brush and there is Mont Blanc within reach of every purse. To wait until everybody was gasping with the heat and then show a snow-crowned mountain deserves to be called an inspiration. Staging "Tartarin" could not have been easy; the results have justified the efforts required, for since the play began the Parisians have literally fêted their popular hero in his new stage dress.

From a purely dramatic point of view this famous romance of Daudet's scarcely gains by a scenic adaptation. Of the two Tarascons, *Tartarin de Tarascon*, and *Tartarin sur les Alpes*, the first only has movement, spontaneity; its verve is fresh and never tiring. It must have been composed in an irresistible inspiration. Daudet was but the amanuensis who set down the dictations of his inflamed imagination. But the books written in sequel to this great success, seem to have been "willed"—their pen is meditated. They show not effort, perhaps, but application. Their author counts in advance on effects which he has tried out securely in the first volume. Like nearly every great author before him who yielded to the clamor of his readers for "more," Daudet proved that books of character, brimful of sparkle cannot be written to order. It might seem strange if this criticism were absolute, that the adaptor should choose to dramatize a sequel and not go to the original fount. But it isn't strange, for the very good reason that a play is not a book, and "Tartarin sur les Alpes" offers more material for dramatic contrast and physical spectacle than the mirth-provoking chronicle of the sleepy little village of Tarascon. If one remembers the book at all and seeks defects in the play by means of comparison they are easily found. Indeed, they are comprehended in one short sentence that the exploits of the hero as shown, are more serious than they appear in Daudet's book. It was by his comments, by his irony, by all his asides, just and spiritual that Daudet, like Dickens, created an atmosphere of gayety, of good humor and sometimes—very often in the case of the Englishman, of sentiment. These delicate shades vanish in the brutal light of the footlights. Take, for example, the episode "either rice or prunes" in "Tartarin sur les Alpes."

the astonishment of the guests at the Swiss hotel, who are divided into the prune party and the rice party. The incident in the book has savor. Tartarin becomes an enigmatical personage by reason of this double refusal. In the play this episode has been preserved—Tartarin is offered successively prunes and rice, but the short scene fails to "get over," because it clears up nothing. It will probably be dropped if the play finds its way here.

As a spectacle—to repeat—the new play is richly interesting and presents some novel pictures. These are, as they should be, merely the background for the boasting, lying, grandiloquent, naïf and timid Tartarin. Its essential, then, is an actor capable of being Tartarin. He must be Daudet's hero, actual, authentic, unique, full of gayety, fantasy, warmth and delicacy. Parisians claim that they recognize all these qualities in M. Vilbert, who has won, in consequence, an additional step or two on the theatrical ladder. The French recognize Tartarin as a true Gallic type, exactly as they see another type of the race in the immortal Cyrano. To have pleased them by his Tartarin elevates Vilbert quite near to the position held by the lamented Coquelin.

One of the scenes of the play shows Tartarin prepared to face the Czar in order to win the hand of Sonia, who is a Nihilist and an exile. This scene is played on the terrace of the Jungfrau hotel in front of the Grindelwald glacier. Sonia's companions, Menilof and Bolibine, have enticed a disguised police spy away from the terrace and are about to avenge themselves. Tartarin scents danger and inquires of Sonia:

TARTARIN: What's happened? What are they going to do? He has a ferocious air.

SONIA: Ferocious! How little you know Manilof. He is the gentlest of men.

TARTARIN: But he caused—you have told me—the explosion in the Winter Palace. Many killed?

SONIA (sadly): Too many.

TARTARIN: It is always so. Innocent victims!

SONIA: Yes, it is horrible. I do not believe in murders *en masse*—the one you seek always escapes. The true procedure, the most humane and the surest is to go straight to the Czar—as you would go to a lion, armed, determined, post yourself at a window or at a carriage door, and when he passes—pan!

TARTARIN (not enthusiastic): Yes . . . but—certainly—perhaps, but to murder a man you don't know, whom you've never met—he may be a good fellow, too—to murder him in cold blood—is an atrocious thing—eh?

SONIA (relates instances of tyranny and oppression in Russia and concludes by asking): Do you believe that the tyrant who orders such cruelties is worthy of pity?

TARTARIN: That would be saying a good deal. But, after all, what good is accomplished by killing him? After that tyrant another will come, and another and another. And the years will pass—quickly will fly the days of youth and love—

SONIA (smiling): You make me laugh despite myself; you are so funny when you talk of love!

TARTARIN (taking her hand): Ah, Sonia, if you would—

SONIA (freeing herself): I repeat what I told you. I can only love the man who will deliver my country. Were he as ugly as Bolibine, ruder and coarser than Manilof I would become his wife—live by his side, tend him, freely, gladly as long as life endured, or he wanted me.

TARTARIN (again snatches her hand): That would be always—always Sonia, at Tarascon.

SONIA: Then—if you wish me—win me!

TARTARIN (proudly): I will, yes. I will! It is an affair now, between me and the Czar!

SONIA: Truly—you will do this for me?

TARTARIN: I will seek the Czar—I shall not hide myself—in shadow, I shall not strike without warning! No, I will provoke him to a duel.

SONIA: A duel! How foolish. You will be arrested, imprisoned before you get anywhere near him.

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GOLDEN LAUREL WREATH PRESENTED TO BERNHARDT

This wreath, designed by Paul Gillot, was presented to Mme. Bernhardt, on May 16th last at the Palace Theatre, by members of the dramatic profession. The following are a few of the artists who subscribed to it: George Arliss, Ethel Barrymore, Lotta M. Crabtree, William Faversham, Mrs. Fiske, Virginia Harned, Robert Hilliard, Margaret Anglin, E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe, Otis Skinner, Robert Mantell and Lillian Nordica

Why Stage Modesty Should Prevail in Musical Comedy

JULIA SANDERSON had never been interviewed. It was explained that Miss Sanderson did not feel that her personality was of sufficient interest to the public to justify the ordeal. Therefore, this becomes the first interview which she has ever given, an event in theatrical history that has its importance.

In her boudoir-dressing-room at the Knickerbocker Theatre, in New York, where she is playing a long season in "The Sunshine Girl," Miss Sanderson had decided to do the best she could with the new task put upon her. It was a charming room, white, with roses everywhere, an ingenue's room. Looking like the prettiest girl one could wish to meet, but with an air of supreme timidity, she received the interviewer. Taking the situation, which was new to her, with the utmost ceremony and seriousness, Miss Sanderson presented a rather formidable task, because she was so entirely unprepared for anything so dreadful. The subject did not appeal to her, she said, because modesty in her performances had been a matter of instinct; therefore, it was very difficult for her to tell anybody how she happened to convey so much of it. The truth of this was easily recognizable at a glance. She has violet eyes, such as only Lily Langtry, the English beauty has, and her smile is modesty itself.

Listening with polite attention to the interviewer's requests, that she define why stage modesty should prevail in musical comedy, she finally expressed her sympathy for him in the following question:

"It must be difficult to interview someone who is a perfect stranger," she said.

"It requires some imagination," replied the interviewer, "but how much more of it is needed in your own work?"

"Yes, but we have people to help us on the stage, and you have to do it all alone."

"All alone," replied the interviewer helplessly, and then wondering why, for the first time, he was nonplussed by a Broadway star.

By degrees she told him that she had never taken a lesson in either singing or dancing.

"I am almost ashamed to say this, because I realize that I ought to have done so, but I have never been able to find the time."

Here was realism in stage modesty that would be hard to duplicate.

"You see, I became a star very quickly; I was very fortunate, wasn't I?" said the young lady, hastening to explain herself frankly and freely.

"Can any woman do it?" demanded the interviewer.

"You know, of course," he persisted, "that you represent that most illusive charm in the theatre—stage modesty?"

The actress smiled dubiously.

It had never occurred to her before, that there was anything ever required of an actress that could offend her or her audience.

"My father is an actor," she said, "and when I was very, very young, I was on the stage playing 'sympathetic parts.' Before I was out of short skirts I was playing 'The Wronged Heroine' of melodrama. Perhaps it is a happy incident of my young girlhood that I learned all about the desperate deeds of heavy villains, and learned to realize that there may be heroes who come to the rescue of 'wronged heroines' in the nick of time. How many times I have been saved from some fearful disaster in my melodramatic experience on the stage I couldn't say. My youth was doubtless the principal appeal for sympathy to the audiences who witnessed my rescue.

"Most of the stage villains who pursued me in these melo-

dramas were hard-working young men. Some of them had families of their own to support. All of them lived lives of unimpeachable modesty, off the stage.

"As to the heroes, I wish I could say as much for them. They were not always as modest as the villains."

It was, no doubt, unpardonable that the interviewer, listening obediently to this brief sketch of Miss Sanderson's career as a child actress regarded her with a sceptical eye and a serious air of deep concern.

"And you have never found it necessary to cut out the lines of a song, in musical comedy, because you thought them immodest?" he asked.

The brutality of his question had not occurred to him till Miss Sanderson's confusion made him realize it. Her smile grew more radiant, but she found it difficult to speak.

"Must I tell you?" she asked appealingly, and then with a little shrug of her shoulders as if she felt the cold chill of a shower upon them, she said:

"Only once in my career in musical comedy have I ever found it difficult to interpret the words of a song put in by the author—because, well—because they did not fit me. I tried very hard—awfully hard—to adapt myself to the comedy idea of the song."

"Perhaps, after all, it wasn't funny?"

"Oh, no, the song was all right excepting one line, and I always stumbled over it at rehearsal."

"What was the line?"

"For the life of me, I cannot remember it. I recall, however, that it was a little too suggestive to suit me, and it actually hurt so much that whenever I came to this line at rehearsals I almost went to pieces.

"At first it seemed very foolish, and I tried to overcome my feelings against it, but the harder I tried the more impossible it became."

"I am so sorry you cannot remember the line," persisted the interviewer.

"So am I; but all I can remember about it is that it was like saying something that wasn't nice—something that no young girl would think of saying. So I went to the manager and asked him if he wouldn't be good enough to cut that song out. Well, he was perfectly charming about it. He seemed to quite understand my aversion and did as I wished.

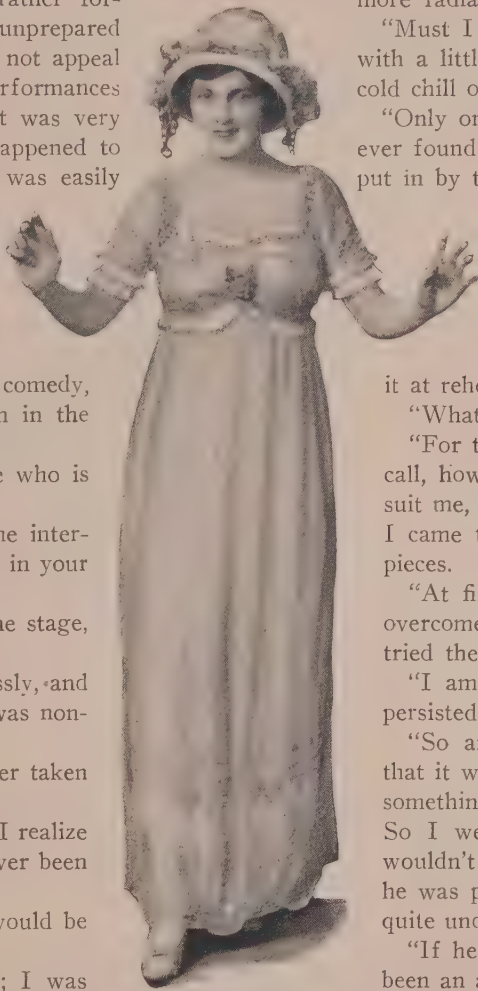
"If he had not done this, I know I should have been an awful failure, just on account of one stupid line."

"But, wasn't it really funny?" insisted the interviewer, and Miss Sanderson declared that as the

confession had been unwillingly dragged from her, she would say no more about it. Brushing away all reserve, the interviewer went straight to the heart of his subject with this direct question:

"It is the way a thing is said, is it not, that makes it possible or impossible to stage modesty?"

"I have never really analyzed my work in any way before," said Miss Sanderson, "whatever I have had to do in a musical play, to sing or to dance, I have always done in my own way, to the best of my ability. I have really gone no deeper into a characterization than to carry out the plans of the author and the stage manager. In fact, I have never been asked to speak a line, or sing a song that wasn't perfectly charming, and that any girl wouldn't have been delighted to do. Of course, with the one exception which I have mentioned. Perhaps this exception would have been considered funny, just as the humor of the janitor may amuse some people. I think there are some things done on the stage by very clever actresses which I admit I am not clever enough to do myself. It is not stage modesty entirely



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JULIA SANDERSON
In "The Sunshine Girl"

which prevented me from speaking a line which I found objectionable. I could not say or do, either on the stage or off it, anything which I didn't think was nice. And yet, I have been an actress from the time I was a child."

"When you were in the chorus, did you have the same ideas?" asked the interviewer.

His obstinacy clearly disturbed Miss Sanderson, but she amiably tried to assist him.

"My first experience in musical comedy," she said, "was in the chorus of a piece called 'Winsome Winnie,' and after I had

"I admit, there are some parts in musical comedy, and many kinds of musical plays in which I could not appear," said Miss Sanderson, "simply because I think I am not clever enough to do the suggestive thing well. I think it requires the highest possible skill and technique to say and do things on the stage

that are not quite nice in themselves, but are immensely pleasing to some audiences. I am not sure whether I am a comedienne, but I have been fortunately cast for parts that are ingenue.

"The true object of all artistic effort, should be to contribute to beautiful



CLARENCE OLIVER
Appearing in "Broadway Jones"



Mishkin
GRACE FILKINS
To be seen shortly in "The Love Leash"



White
SAM B. HARDY
Appearing in "Stop Thief"

been there for a short time I was given the understudy for the part played by Paula Edwardes. I was not a novice, and I was wrapped in my ambition and hard work. One's stage associations really don't make any difference if you are very happy and young enough to know little of the world, and feel quite sure of yourself.

"My home with my father and mother was very happy, and I always go to theatre strictly in a business mood. Subsequently, I succeeded Paula Edwardes in the part she had played, and the following season I was cast in that beautiful, idealistic production, 'The Arcadians.' My experience in the chorus was very short, and I am quite sure that it made no unpleasant impressions upon me. I was too busy studying the possibility of a future career in musical comedy to think of anything but my work and my success.

"Still, there is probably no kind of stage work in which personality means so much as in musical comedy. Beauty is not enough, because the musical shows have many beauties in them. I believe that any girl of average intelligence has a very definite instinct of discretion, and being on the stage should not interfere with her character. In my own case, whatever I have to do in the theatre has never been anything that I did not wish to do. That is to say, I have never had to pretend to be anything on the stage than just a young girl who likes nice things nicely done. I have a great many admirers among little girls who are unknown to me. They write me the most lovely letters from all over the country, even from places I have never been to. I am very careful to answer these letters, and to send them my photograph, when they ask for it."

All this Miss Sanderson told the interviewer in explanation of certain reasons why stage modesty should prevail in musical comedy. He even pointed out instances where it did not. He mentioned the names of men and women in current successes of the season, whose performances had not succeeded because of their prevailing modesty.

thought, to inspire refinement, to please people with nice things and nice ideas. Vulgarly is always ugly, and while it may make people laugh for the moment, it is only temporary amusement. After all, the things that we enjoy most are the things that inspire us with lasting memory. A pretty picture has the artist's thought in it

to inspire us, but a pretty woman without refinement, contributes nothing to our pleasure.

"In musical comedy a beautiful voice in itself is not so inspiring as a beautiful song conveyed to us with simplicity, and, above all, with sincerity. There has been an impression that musical comedy should be a mixture of questionable farce. Only recent productions, some of them, have shown us the charm and refinement which these entertainments can present in a way that is quite impossible in any other stage form.

"When I am forced to consider myself among the 'stars' of musical comedy, I realize my limitation compared to the talents of so many others. Whatever the future may have in store for me, I know that it would be quite impossible to be like some of my contemporaries whose beauty and cleverness so far surpass my own. Of course, in 'The Sunshine Girl,' I am merely a very small part of a big show. There is so much of everything in it, that I feel lost sometimes in the whirl of scenes. There is really nothing for me to do but sing the songs I have as well as I can, and to dance about the stage as gracefully as I know how. There is no great histrionic strain put upon me in my work, and so long as I am appearing in the ingenue rôles of musical comedy, I shall have to impress my youthful personality upon the public, just as it is.

"I have really had no schooling for it, and what degree of good taste I may have inherited, must remain the prevailing quality of my work."

"Then it is true, that you are really very young?" asked the obstinate man.

"I will be perfectly frank with

(Continued on page vi)



Sarony

OLIVE WYNDHAM

This popular actress appeared last season in "What Happened to Mary"



Moffett
THAIS MAGRANE
Recently seen in the title rôle of "Everywoman"



Baker Art Gallery HERBERT DELMORE
Appearing as Alan Wilson in "The High Road"



White ADELINE O'CONNOR
Who plays the leading feminine rôle in "The Master Mind"

Preparing the Stage Meal Behind the Scenes

A NEW thing has come up in dramatics in connection with realism, and it is hard to say how long it will be before audiences become violent over it. It is the food and drink question on the stage. Playwrights in other years deliberately avoided putting reality behind the footlights on the ground that people had enough of it all day. In these times, however, when audiences go to the theatre to relive rather than to vary the day's experience, playwrights have responded to this demand in the most vigorous fashion. They have followed the public's every footstep to learn its habits, and finding that it eats and drinks in large ways every few hours and in small ways every ten minutes, this fact is faithfully submitted in all plays now offered.

The result is that no modern theatre is complete unless it is fitted up behind the scenes with a kitchenette and a bar, while the chef who cooks the stage meals is the busiest man in the company.

The actors show their appreciation, of course, and while they toy with the lobster à la Newburgh and drink sparkling draughts of sunniest champagne, the hungry audience looks on in silent pain. Between the acts the spectators are offered cleansed water in germ-proof "copper papes," as the excitable lady who tried to catch a water-boy on the wing, called them.

To watch most modern plays is, indeed, like paying to feast at a shadow banquet. The table is laid and course after course is brought in. It all looks admirable. Wine bottles are opened and glasses are carefully filled. Fifteen hundred eyes out in the dark auditorium watch the cool Burgundy meet its doom.

Take, for instance, William Collier's play, "Never Say Die," which ate its way through several months at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre last winter. There were three acts in that and three meals. The first was afternoon tea, the second an elaborate dinner and the last breakfast. No one can deny that the leading actor in this *mélange* had gastronomic courage, nor can anyone fail to think sympathetically of the chef laboring like a hero over a gas stove out in the wings throughout the length and breadth of eight performances a week.

Stories came from behind the scenes that Mr. Collier and his associates had declared for only

the best stage food, especially for the dinner in the second act. The lobster à la Newburgh had to be freshly cooked, served steaming hot and flavored with truffles. The asparagus had to be tips, not stalks, and the champagne of a vintage not later than 1890. The odors of this toothsome feast were wafted over the footlights into the very nostrils of the envious, and in many cases hungry audiences, and as for the starving critics on the first night it is doubtful if they paid a proper attention to Mr. Collier's table technique or to the insouciant poise of Paula Marr's fork as she raised the asparagus tips one by one to her little lips. Certainly none of them mentioned these matters in their reviews. Yet, what more important in the play?

It is not everyone who realizes how important this matter of eating has become in the theatre of to-day. Stage food used to be regarded as a "property," and as such to be supplied by the property man. But when the matter began to evolve into course meals with hot dishes, the property man and his assistant, the stage-door cat, found themselves out of their depth, and a new arrangement had to be made.

At the Forty-eighth Street Theatre last winter the student of things culinary would have found almost more entertainment behind the scenes than in the auditorium. In a room set apart for a kitchen was a complete outfit: stove, utensils, running water, dishes and all necessary details. There stood the chef in cap and gown, or however a chef's costume might be described. A case of live lobsters just delivered from the fish store stood in the corner. Fresh vegetables lay on the table; eggs, butter and meat were in the refrigerator, while a bottle of champagne nestled in the cracked ice in a silver cooler. An attractive smell of dinner being got ready permeated the place, and to give the final touch of pleasant domesticity, the stage-door cat, having found a better outlook than the dry companionship of "props," was curled patiently and with a futurist expression on the mat.

Although it was the chef's duty to shop for and cook the dinners, breakfasts and teas it was, unfortunately for the audience, not his part to serve them. But whether a waiter or a real actor was engaged to pass the dishes is not known, although if one were to judge from his personal interest in the food the signs would



Unity VERA DE ROSA
Seen as Sybil Vandare in "The Firefly"



White

JOSE COLLINS

This popular actress is now appearing in the "Ziegfeld Follies" at the New Amsterdam Theatre

point to his having been an actor. If one did not realize in any other way the importance of food in the theatre of to-day a sight like this behind scenes would surely make the facts plain.

But everyone does realize it, for although it is shown incidentally during the course of the modern drama that father is a brute, that mother has a lover or that James and Susan are to be married after all, the real moment of the evening is when Susan is deciding whether she will have one lump or two in her tea.

No New York theatregoer can fail to beat in sympathy with the actors at that charming place in the drama where afternoon tea is announced, nor can he miss the thrill of the pleasant burble of conversation which breaks loose among the drawing-room company when the tea things are wheeled in. And any habitué of the theatre can recall offhand the telling lines which follow:

"May I pour you a cup of tea?"

"Yes, if you please."

"One lump or two?" asks the well-tailored leading man.

"One, if you please," smirks the self-conscious heroine.

"And lemon?"

"Thank you."

Food has become so necessary in plays that it has even gone into musical comedy where it used to be that only wine, woman and song were essential. One of the season's unfortunate productions (now in storage) was indeed almost saved by the

fact that the leading waltz song, sung by the principals, was about Irish stew.

"At home they never give me any Irish stew," sang the heroine plaintively.

And at the duet both sang while indulging in a romantic embrace,

"At home they never give her any Irish stew,

Irish stew and some potato."

Meanwhile a steaming bowl of the delightful stuff stood on the table beside them.

If one goes over the list carefully it will soon appear that there has been hardly a play this year without its food and drink scenes. Even the "Whip" had its banquet, while everyone remembers the generous importance of the subject in "The Governor's Lady." Never before, perhaps, has a whole act been given over to reproducing America's most characteristic ideas about eating.

Did the realists mean this when they preached realism on the stage? Per-

haps it is merely a striking proof of the fact that a preacher is in the hands of his hearers.

But how about the audiences?

Perhaps the reason why so many are dropping the theatre and going to cabarets instead is because at the cabarets for no more money they get the same quantity of music, drama and clothes, but have the privilege of eating the food themselves instead of having to watch the actors eat it.

C. I. D.



Sarony

RITA JOLIVET

Who will appear in the new Ferenc Molnar comedy

Shakespeare After the New Manner at Harvard

AT Brattle Hall, in Cambridge, Mass., recently, Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" was produced by the Delta Upsilon Fraternity of Harvard University.

Brattle Hall is a small building used for dances and amateur theatricals; a building in which the Harvard Dramatic Club has always presented its plays. It has a stage of fair size, indifferently equipped, and it would not, therefore, seem a place of especial importance in the theatrical world. Nor would the annual Elizabethan revival of the Delta Upsilon, despite its honorable record of fourteen well-chosen plays, seem an event of unusual interest among theatrical affairs. But what makes the occasion worthy of more than passing mention and of real significance is that for the first time in this country a Shakespearean play was produced after the new manner of continental Europe, the method used at Munich, and by Gordon Craig in his productions at St. Petersburg.

This new art of producing aims at simplicity in settings and seeks to stimulate the imagination by suggestion rather than by hampering it with details. Among the pioneers in this movement there are radical differences of opinion, but upon one general principle they are all agreed—Reinhart, Craig, Stanislavsky—the elimination of all that is not essential to the creation of illusion.

Nowhere in this country, perhaps, is there deeper interest felt, nor is there more intelligent discussion of this new

movement in dramatic production than in Cambridge, for Cambridge is a veritable hotbed of dramatic interest. Nearly everyone in Cambridge either writes plays or acts plays or talks plays. So, after all, it is not a surprising thing, perhaps, that the first step in the new direction should be taken there, nor that the members of this organization should have led the way.

The selection of the play was partly a matter of choice and partly a matter of luck. The "Comedy of Errors" with its classic setting and rapidly changing scenes seemed an interesting subject for experimental treatment. Here were color, line, even pure design perhaps. Here, also, was the necessity for brief waits between the scenes if the continuity of the story was not to be lost. So much for the element of choice. These alone would have been sufficient reasons for deciding on this play, but by a lucky coincidence there happened to be in the Fraternity real twins, so much alike in looks and voice that often in rehearsal the cast were puzzled as to their identity. Of course, the twins settled the matter and the play was chosen.

In considering the production I determined at once that the painted perspective drop with all of its shortcomings could be eliminated. Here, to begin with, was a decided gain. It meant that the long-suffering audience would no longer be obliged to see the Ephesian Temple of Diana nicely painted on the back drop, dwarfed by the actors



FRANCIS POWELL

Coach and stage director of the Harvard Dramatic Club who, says a Boston critic, deserves credit for making the first production in America of Shakespeare along the new German lines of imagination, originality and beauty.

whenever their business carried them up stage. Nor was this the only gain. No more would the painted buildings shake and tremble as the actors hurried by to make their entrances. As a substitute the blue cyclorama drop was chosen (the German cupola horizon not having yet reached Cambridge). Against this background of turquoise blue, marble buildings of chaste design were placed at either side of the stage. In these, conventional bronze doors were placed, serving as entrances for all exterior scenes. Here was a modification of the conventional doorway in the gray wings at either side of the stage, used by Mr. Urban in his very charming settings at the Boston Opera House. Between the marble doorways against the blue of the sky was placed the changing scene.

The notes of trumpets sound, the curtains open, and we see the Duke surrounded by his guard and officers listening to Ægean's tale. The scene consists of purple velvet draperies with an opening at the right, through which is seen a narrow strip of sky and wall. The sunlight streaming in, glistens upon the breastplates of the guard and makes of the group about the Duke a splotch of gold upon the purple background, while in the shadows opposite (for no footlights were used) the armor of the guard catches the reflected light and shimmers with a dusky glow. All very simple but suggestive of authority. Ægean's story told, the curtains close and the draperies are taken up.

Again the curtains open and we see "The Mart." Against the sky is a quay with a ship at anchor, its red sail unfurled. Broad moss-grown steps lead to the quay between high weather-beaten walls, and here Antipholus, of Syracuse, arrives in Ephesus.

The next scene shows a room in Adriana's house. Here Luciana lounges on a gilded couch while Adriana fumes, their costumes of lavender and pale green showing against rich velvet draperies of gold, and bathed in amber sunlight streaming through the parted opening from the "Public Place" outside.

The only decoration was a gilded Grecian lamp, but this proved quite enough. The shadows in the velvet draperies furnished a fitting background for Adriana's jealousy.

Now we come "Before the House of Antipholus of Ephesus." The walls have been reversed and now they lead up to a peristyle with pinkish marble colonnade and seat that match the marble of the doors and walls. A row of dark Lombardy poplars completes the scene.

The last scene shifts—the moss-grown walls lead to an arched gateway with bright red swinging gates, topped with a gilded cross. Here is a "Priory."

To sum up then—two sets of draperies, a marble seat, two houses of conventional design, a couch, a tripod lamp, four strips of wall (painted on either side), a profile ship, a colonnade, three profile trees, a platform and two steps (these also painted on either side)—all of this with a cyclorama drop and the production is complete.

Costumes suggested by the late Edwin Abbey's illustrations of the play, copied and colored under my direction by Gardner Hale, a Harvard student (whose plates and models of scenes were of great assistance in my work), lent charming color to the scene.

One other element remains—the lighting—and on this too much stress cannot be laid. This was done with one aim constantly in view—the lights to fall from one direction and to be reflected by the surfaces they struck. Another cardinal principal was that shadows were to be utilized, not dissipated. They have their value in the scene. The footlights were rarely used except to light the neutral gray draperies which framed the scene. These replaced the usual "tormentor" and "straight drapery" of the past.

Is it too much to believe that with the "tormentor" and "straight drapery" will go many of the traditions and features of the theatre of to-day, or shall I say the theatre of yesterday?

Surely by the elimination of useless detail long waits can be avoided, the entire text of the author given and the story allowed to unfold itself without distracting influences. The eye is satis-

fied, the imagination quickened, and one is tempted to feel that after all, the elaborate detail of the past was a hindrance, rather than a help, and more and more we are inclined to feel that the suggestive treatment in stage production has come to stay.

FRANCIS POWELL.

According to statistics for the year 1913 the total amount paid for admission to Paris theatres and amusement resorts was over \$13,000,000. One moving picture house alone took in \$300,000. The largest receipts at any single place were \$600,000, taken at the Opera House.



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PAULINE FREDERICK

To appear again this season as Zuleika in "Joseph and His Brethren"

"P HILIP H. BAR- THOLOMAE pre- sents—" The Youngest Theatrical Magnate

not been that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, in choosing the acts she

This line, written above the announcement of a new drama and an old star, would quite recently have appeared almost fantastically odd to the play-going populace. Until now the theatre-going public has known Philip H. Bartholomae simply as one of the most successful of our younger playwrights—as the author of "Over Night," a farce-comedy ranking with the most popular of recent years, and of "Little Miss Brown," its almost equally triumphant successor. And playgoers are not yet accustomed to having its dramatists simultaneously its theatrical managers.

But Mr. Bartholomae is rather recklessly inconsiderate of accustomed orders. He is a young man fascinatingly impregnated with that glamorous temerity from out which romances are woven. Unless all signs fail in most remarkable fashion, therefore, "Philip H. Bartholomae presents—" will shortly become as familiar a theatrical introduction as any one of the half score other names the public is now wont to see sponsoring the tragedies and comedies, the melodramas and farces, the musical comedies and problem plays, paraded forth for its edification.

For the experimental stage of the undertaking has been bridged in incredibly brief space. To-day with the musical comedy "When Dreams Come True" already on Broadway and a three-act drama from a new playwright already in rehearsal for this season, Mr. Bartholomae sits in a charming little brown-walled sanctum set with wicker furniture of a soothing green, preparing contracts, considering booking-lists, and generally demonstrating that he has definitely taken his place in that select little coterie of producing managers who shape the dramatic destinies of America.

"I'd felt it coming on for a long time," he confesses. "Really, I tried to fight against it, but it was no use. I'm afraid the thing was inevitable from the start."

The actual beginning of his foray into this field, however, came, as things inevitable and fore-ordained are so apt to, quite abruptly. It was one afternoon last fall. Mr. Bartholomae had dropped into a vaudeville theatre with the wholesome intent of simply idling away an hour or two. From the artificial dusk of the orchestra he watched languidly while "act" succeeded "act" across the calcium-tinted brilliance of the stage. The performance neared its close. People who did not intend remaining for the moving pictures began collecting their wraps, and that subdued buzz against which the final, lesser items of a vaudeville bill are forced to contend filled the house. Then suddenly a short, swarthy young man appeared before the curtain with a violin. No one seemed to be paying any very special attention to the tuneful little airs and nimble little dances of this young man, but in spite of that stereotyped indifference—in the face of it, in our defiance to it—the innate showman latent in Philip Bartholomae then and there awoke. The vision of a spectacle had for him woven itself about that young man and his melody.

Rising swiftly, he made his way to the stage entrance and sought him out. For a long hour he talked earnestly to him. Something like a week later that young man signed a contract to appear under the management of Philip H. Bartholomae at a salary of three hundred dollars a week. Thus, dynamically, it was that Mr. Bartholomae became a producer—and, incidentally, that Saranoff, "The Violinist," leaped from an obscure place nearly to the "top of the bill." With the act his new manager constructed for him he would have gone quite to the top had it

deemed worthy to appear on the same bill with herself, selected Saranoff among others, so forcing him into second place.

Far from satisfying him, that auspicious start served merely to whet Mr. Bartholomae's desire. Almost immediately he wrote and himself produced a one-act play called, "And They Lived Happily Ever After." This, too, Mme. Bernhardt saw and chose to have included in the entertainment of which she made part.

Subsequently it received wider public notice than any recent addition of vaudeville's repertory—and Mr. Bartholomae began to look afield for larger conquests. Through the newspapers he sent out notice—rash man!—that he was prepared to read with a view to production dramas from any unknown playwright. At the same time he set to work on the book and lyrics of his musical comedy. Now he plans to have three or four productions before the public next season and is conducting negotiations for the purchase of a theatre.

The whole proceeding partakes rather of the nature of a fairy-tale. In quick certainty of ascension its match would be difficult to find in modern theatrical annals. It is one of those fabulous Arabian Nights wonders in which moderns permit themselves to indulge only in the realm of business.

"And yet," says Mr. Bartholomae, "romantic and specially protected as I realize it must seem, there was really no luck in it. I worked—worked hard for

everything I've done. If I've got on faster than most people I fancy it's simply because I've known better than most people just what I was working for. You see, there happens to be a streak of common sense in me that serves as a corrective and guide to my artistic inclinations."

To that streak of common sense and the far-seeing, dauntless persistence in which it manifests itself is attributable every stage of this young man's seemingly miraculous rise. People proclaimed him extremely lucky when three years ago "Over Night"—the first play of an unknown writer—scored its emphatic hit and brought him into sudden prominence. As a matter of fact, that hit was wrought out of the sheer will-power of the author. It was the turning-point in his career—the crucial test in which all of himself, his ideals, and his nature were epitomized. Never did a dramatic offering seem more completely and irrevocably consecrated to failure.

It was written while Mr. Bartholomae was still an undergraduate at the Rensaellaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, N. Y. Wisely and carefully he worked it over and polished it before sending it forth to the marts for barter. But, like most ultimately successful plays, it speedily acquired the distinction of having been rejected by nearly every manager on Broadway. Some of them rejected it with qualifications and talk of "thoroughly rewriting it," to be sure but they did reject it. Then, at length, a certain manager said that it was impossible to judge accurately of a play in which so much depended upon stage management and "business," but that if he could see it in actual performance he thought it was very probable he could buy it.

That was quite the most encouraging reception Mr. Bartholomae had encountered, and his hopes soared. By offering to put up half the necessary money he finally persuaded a firm of producers to book "Over Night" for a limited tour through some of the smaller towns of New York State. They kept assuring him, however, that such a proceeding was altogether opposed to their usual practice, and maintaining generally a very tepid attitude



White

PHILIP H. BARTHOLOMAE

Author of the farce, "Over Night," the profits of which gave him the opportunity to become a successful theatrical producer



Photos White The opening scene—In the steerage of the S. S. Kaiser



Marie Flynn and Joseph Santley



Joseph Santley as Kean Hedges



Joseph Santley and Marie Flynn



Joseph Santley singing "The Dream Song"



Anna Wheaton and the bridesmaids and flower girls

SCENES IN "WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

in the affair. At last, with rehearsals fairly under way, they decided that they had made a mistake. They coolly informed him that they really could not go any further in the matter.

By every canon of dramatic lore this was the proper juncture for Mr. Bartholomae to own defeat and start writing another play. But his faith in "Over Night" was intense. He never doubted that once that interested manager witnessed it he would

achieve the golden dream of all aspiring playwrights, a Broadway production. So he kept the company at rehearsal, scraped together the rest of the requisite capital, and at last—one omits the incidental perspiration, fears, labors and heartaches—had the satisfaction of seeing "Over Night" heralded in scarlet type from the billboards.

He waited until the first performance had been consummated to make sure that all would run smoothly, then he went to summon his prospective manager. But it so happened that that particular manager had been called South on business a few days before and was not expected back for a month.

In crises of supreme despair people do not stop to count their anguish. They could not bear it if they did. Mr. Bartholomae had recourse to that safest of all solaces—action. Wildly he rushed about town in quest of some manager—any manager—who would come to see his play. The managers, though, were all excessively busy that week. He had come as near to giving up hope as is possible for him when chance relented by throwing George Broadhurst in his way. Somehow a playwright did not seem to the author of "Over Night" quite such an august, implacable a creature as a manager. He pressed an orchestra seat check upon Mr. Broadhurst, therefore, and bore him off. Mr. Broadhurst returned enthusiastic.

"In my opinion that play'll make a hit," he told William A. Brady. "It's a winner. If I were you I'd buy it."

So Mr. Bartholomae was sent for, and then, oh, then, at last was vouchsafed to him that sweetest of all theatrical spectacles, a manager making terms. Mr. Bartholomae was modest in that triumph. He expressed himself as perfectly willing to accept the regular royalty arrangement, but he did believe, he declared, that he should first have an initial payment sufficient to reimburse him for what he had spent personally on the "try-out."

"That's certainly fair enough," agreed Mr. Brady. "How much is it?"

"Five thousand dollars."

That amount was paid over on the spot, and, after a brief preliminary tour the piece was brought into New York. By rights this should be the conventional happy climax, with naught remaining but for the daring young author to rise in the morning and ascertain in approved fashion that fame was his. To tell the truth, Mr. Bartholomae was rather preparing himself for something of the sort. But he had yet to learn the full extent of the drama's versatile range of perversity. On the evening when "Over Night" opened at the Hackett Theatre five other premières were simultaneously occurring in other New York playhouses. They were all the work of better known authors; they all introduced better known stars.

So the morning on which Mr. Bartholomae should have woken to his fame found extended criticisms of all these plays in the newspapers, and of "Over Night"—a grudging admission in far, obscure corners that such a production was in town. During the first few days of its run less than a hundred paid admissions were recorded at the box office.

"It's too bad," declared Mr. Brady. "It's a good farce, all right, but there's no chance for it here now. It's snowed under, that's all. We'll have to put it out on the road and see if it can do anything there without the New York boost."

But Mr. Bartholomae's faith was just as strong as ever. His determination was rather stronger. Then it was that he rose to his supreme height of audacity—that he proved the instinct of the showman to have been born in his soul.

"It's got to catch on!" he cried.

He still had the five thousand dollars which had formed Mr. Brady's cash payment.

"Let me buy a producing interest in the play," he begged, "so that the responsibility'll be my own, then give me two weeks and let me see what I can do."

After some parley Brady consented, perhaps more out of sentiment than anything else.

Mr. Bartholomae's first move was

(Continued on page vii)



Strauss-Peyton

HATTIE WILLIAMS
Appearing with Richard Carle in "The Doll Girl"



MARTHA HEDMAN

This young Swedish actress, who made her first appearance in this country as Renée de Rould in "The Attack," will be seen as John Mason's leading lady in Augustus Thomas' new play, "Indian Summer"



White

JANE GREY

To appear shortly in Edgar Selwyn's farce, "Nearly Married"

Reminiscences of Mlle. Rhéa

(Continued from our last issue)

Three months elapsed, when the whole administration of the Vaudeville changed hands; Carvalho resigned his position and was replaced by Cormon. All this happened so suddenly that I was like one stunned when I received the letter summoning me to the theatre, where a meeting was to be held.

When all were assembled, Cormon told us that the extravagantly large company of the Vaudeville was causing the theatre great losses, that the play then on the boards was an assured success, that it would run at least a year and that, therefore, all idle members were requested to tender their resignation. I did not hear anything more. I did not listen to his promises for the future; I ran home. My little paradise became a den of despair!

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Without warning, without notice, I had lost everything. I fell on my knees and prayed God for death, for I did not see how I could stand such a blow. That night I fell asleep with tears running down my cheeks.

The next morning the concierge knocked at my door as usual and brought me a large letter; the envelope was yellow, I remember it well, a business envelope. With eyes half open, I glanced at the corner and saw the words:

"Briet, Agent Dramatique."

I read the letter and jumped out of bed with a cry of joy. Mr. Briet inquired if I were at liberty to go to Antwerp for a month to play "La Dame aux Camélias," "La Princesse Georges," and two or three other parts for a salary of one thousand francs. One thousand francs! It was Pactolus flowing into my room, and, like "Perrette" in La Fontaine's fable, a hundred projects succeeded one another in my mind. I kissed my dear concierge, a good old woman, who seemed to be an angel sent from heaven. I dressed in a hurry and rushed to the agency, where I found Mr. Briet. I was to leave at once. I packed my trunk and started for Antwerp, where I met with a reception that made me forget all my past sorrow. After a month of continued success I returned to Paris, once more happy and hopeful.

On my arrival I found a letter from Albert Delpit, asking me to call at the Théâtre Historique, where he was rehearsing his play of "Les Chevaliers de la Patrie," a drama founded on the war of the rebellion. The beautiful Céline Montaland was cast for the leading part. But the play was not a success; after a month it was withdrawn.

At that time they were rehearsing at the Ambigu a drama called "La Vénus de Gordes," by Adolphe Belot. A friend of mine, Madame Picard, invited me to go with her to the rehearsal, hoping that I might find an opportunity for an engagement. As we entered, Mlle. Meyer, a woman of great beauty, but not much experience, was on the stage. At some suggestion of the author she flew in a rage, threw down her part, and with her hair falling down her shoulders she paced the stage like a lioness, calling Belot by every name. "Poor girl!" I thought, "that fit of passion will cost her her position." Judge of my surprise when Belot, approaching us, said in tones of admiration: "Isn't she beautiful! Isn't she splendid! Magnificent! What a temperament!" I was thunderstruck, and I thought that if tearing and swearing were signs of temperament, decidedly I had none.

That scene had so depressed me that for a week I could not get over it. Very soon, however, my spirits rose again, the blues vanished, and I started once more in search of an engagement determined that if within a month I had not found a good one I should bid farewell to the stage and take up again my musical studies, which had been interrupted by my dramatic work.

One day, crossing the Place du Châtelet, I heard some one calling me. I looked and saw M. Léotaud, stage manager of the Comédie Française, all out of breath, running after me.

"We are going to make a tour of France," he said, "with Alexandre Dumas' 'l'Etrangère'; I have someone for the part of Sarah, but have not found anyone suitable for the part of Croizette. Alexandre Dumas has mentioned you and for the last week I have done nothing but inquire for you. No one could give me your address, and I was going to give up all hope when I saw you. Now, that chance has brought you to me, you are not going to refuse. You will have two weeks rehearsals, and we will open at Versailles."

"All right! I will go!" We shook hands and the contract was signed.

Our company was most genial. Alice Chêne, who played the difficult part of Sarah, was the most charming companion one could wish for. She was very beautiful and resembled so much the pictures of Marie Antoinette that we used to call her by that name only. With all her physical attractions she had not a particle of conceit and seemed quite unconscious of her beauty. She was a pupil of the famous Madame Plessy, of the Comédie Française, and though talented was without ambition. Home life was all she cared for and after our tour she married the man she loved and left the stage.

Scenes in "The Silver Wedding," at the Longacre Theatre



Photos White

Thomas A. Wise

Alice Gale

ACT III. THE NEW MAID SHOWS THE COUPLE HOW TO MAKE GOO-GOO EYES



Alice Gale

Thomas A. Wise

ACT III. "WHERE WAS MOSES WHEN THE LIGHT WENT OUT?"



Thomas A. Wise

Alice Gale

ACT. III. THE PARSON READS THE INSCRIPTION INSIDE THE RINGS



Photo Ira L. Hill

VIVIAN RUSHMORE

Who was recently seen in "The Lady of the Slipper"

We played in every large city: Lyons, Marseilles, Toulouse, etc., making pilgrimages at every place of interest. At Chambéry we arrived at six o'clock in the evening. We had hardly time to take supper, but I did not care. I knew that there, at the top of the hill, overlooking the beautiful lake of Annecy, was "Les Charmettes," the cottage of Madame de Warens, immortalized by Jean Jacques Rousseau. Not for the world would I have lost the opportunity of visiting that cottage; I told the company where I was going and added: "*Qui m' aime me suive.*" All followed me and we were amply repaid, not only by the sight of the cottage, but by the beauties of nature as well. The sun was just bidding farewell to the world and its last rays were lingering on the waters of the lake as we came down the hill. Ah! No wonder the love of nature filled the heart of Jean Jacques, if such was the spectacle his eyes beheld every day.

We returned with hearts overflowing with enthusiasm. We had no supper, of course, but if our stomachs were empty, our souls were filled with poetry and for once the mind got the better of matter.

At Caen we arrived in the midst of a storm; the rain was

pouring in torrents. At the station I asked a driver for the house of Charlotte Corday.

"It is half a mile from here."

"Take me to it," I said.

"But there is nothing to see," he answered in amazement.

"Never mind, let us go," and we went. When I arrived I looked at that big green door with its inscription above and as I read her name, the vision of that brave, noble, sublime girl passed before me! Ah! Charlotte Corday! Thy memory will live forever in the hearts of all lovers of justice and enemies of oppression and tyranny.

I had not been on the road three weeks when I received a letter offering me an engagement for the Imperial Theatre in St. Petersburg. At Havre several people connected with the Imperial Theatre of Russia had seen me in "l'Etrangère" and had written to Baron Küster, the official director of the Court Theatre, advising him to engage me. I was offered thirty-five thousand francs a year, with four months holiday. I would have accepted at once, but a member of the company who had lived in Russia, advised me not to do so without the stipulation of a benefit, telling me that it meant at least five thousand francs more. I did as he told me and waited a fortnight for the answer. At last it came. A large document, headed with the Russian coat-of-arms and below, the sum stipulated and the right of a benefit. Everyone shared in my joy and I continued my tour with a light and hopeful heart.

Nice, Cannes, Grasse—we visited all these flower-gardens of France, and our successful tour closed about the fifteenth of August. On my return to Paris I went at once to see Baron Küster, who told me that I would make my début in "La Dame aux Camélias" and "Adrienne Lecouvreur."

On the first of September I left my beautiful sunny France for Russia. I travelled through France, Belgium, Germany, but at the Russian frontier I thought I was lost. I did not know a word of the language; fortunately, I found some officials who spoke French perfectly and to them I showed my passport, thinking that that would be the end

of all trouble. Alas! They emptied my trunks to the bottom, shook every one of my dresses, without any regard for laces or trimmings, for those vandals, respect nothing and their smiles broadened as my indignation grew stronger.

After a ride of twenty-four hours more I arrived in St. Petersburg. It was five o'clock in the evening. As we landed, fifty *moujiks* with long robes, long hair and long beards surrounded the passengers. They were *Isvoschiks* (drivers). They drove me nearly crazy with their noise; I was at a loss to know what to do, when a man, with the appearance of an employee, approached me and asked in broken French, if I were Mademoiselle Rhéa. I answered "Yes." "Come," he said, and without explanation I followed him, too happy to escape from that crowd. He took me to a carriage, jumped on the box next to the coachman and drove off. I began to realize the singularity of my position. Who was that man? How did he know me? Who had sent him to meet me? His honest face, however, reassured me and I felt that everything would be all right. We drove along the Nevsky Prospect and very soon we arrived at Place Michel, where the carriage stopped before a large house. As I

entered I was greeted, to my great surprise, by a gentleman and his wife, whom I had known in Paris and who, being aware of my coming, had taken it upon themselves to secure an apartment for me in the house where they were living, and not knowing the day of my arrival, had sent Ivan, the callboy of the theatre, to the station every day for the last week. After an introduction to the landlady I immediately took possession of my apartment, which was large, elegant and comfortable. I felt more than grateful to my Parisian friends for their kindness.

I had a week to myself before rehearsals began and I spent that time in visiting the magnificent city of the Czars. The Winter Palace, the dwelling of the Emperor, the quays of the Neva, with their gorgeous marble palaces, the church of Kazan, that of Isaac, with its massive bronze portals, its columns of lapis, onyx and malachite, the Ermitage, with its world-renowned paintings and statuary and there, on the opposite side of the river, the little house built by Peter the Great, the founder of this glorious city.

The exterior of the Théâtre Michel, where I was soon to make my début, is very plain. Looking at the building one would hardly think it is a playhouse. The interior is quite as remarkable for its simplicity, but everything is in perfect taste. The auditorium is in white and gold. The boxes, of which there are three tiers, are very spacious. In the lower and first tier sit the *élite* of the nobility, wealth and beauty. The parquet is occupied by the military and the great financiers; the proscenium boxes, by the Emperor and all the members of the Imperial household; the rest of the house by the *bourgeoisie*, which consists mainly of shopkeepers, mostly French. The wardrobe of the Théâtre Michel is, I think, the most extensive and the most costly in the world. The costumes are kept in the upper story of the building. Some of them are simply priceless and a great many are authentic. Every actor has a right to select among these relics and reproductions of the past whatever costumes he wants when the play requires it. The only dresses to be furnished are the modern ones. Carriages are at the disposal of the actors to take them to and from the theatre.

The company had arrived and rehearsals of "Camille" began at once. I was the only new actress and I came, not precisely to replace, but to take some of the parts played by Mesdames Pasca and Delaporte, two great favorites, not only artistically, but socially. Of course, all eyes were on me, which made me feel rather uncomfortable, especially as my Armand Duval, who was also a new member, had played the part in Paris with nearly every noted Camille and kept saying: "Mlle. X. did so and so, Mlle. Y. did so and so." At last, Mr. Luguët, the stage manager, put a stop to those disagreeable interruptions, by saying rather sharply: "Never mind Mlle. So and So; Mlle. Rhéa will play the part as she feels it."

The night of my début arrived. How shall I describe my feelings? Only actresses who have faced an audience, whose verdict means life or death to them, will be able to appreciate what I felt. The house was crowded by a representative audience, although the Imperial family were still in Gatchina or some other country seat from which they never returned before November.



Gould & Marsden

MOLLIE KING

Now appearing in "The Passing Show of 1913" at the Winter Garden

As I stood in the wings waiting for my cue I saw a great many old members of the company, who were not on the bill, watching me closely, and I heard Mlle. Maucourt, the prettiest and the most renowned for her taste, exclaim: "*Dieu! Qu'elle est chic!*" My gown pleased; on that point at least I was satisfied. It was of black velvet, décolletée, with a very long train. An immense garland of camelias, of every color and shade, fell from the right shoulder to the left side of the skirt where it caught up the dress with a huge bunch of camelias, while some branches were drooping to the hem of the skirt. The effect was very striking.

Now for the acting. My reception was most cordial . . . and when the curtain fell on the first act, I was confident that I had made a good impression and that Armand, who was very self-possessed, had also made a very favorable one; but on his second entrance in the next act, I do not know why, he entered like a hurricane. This sent a titter through the audience. He heard it, and from that moment he lost all self-control; and that man, who was really a splendid actor, became the victim of his nervousness and was hissed unmercifully before the second act was over. I

had now the responsibility of the play on my shoulders and I did my best to save myself. Two enthusiastic calls proved that my efforts were successful. During the fourth act, I hoped Armand would retrieve himself, and once more renew the good impression he had made in the beginning, but, although he played admirably, the public was merciless, and when the curtain rose and I appeared with him, cries of "Rhéa, alone! Rhéa, alone!" was all that could be heard. Then I appeared alone and six times the curtain was raised, amidst cheers and bravos. This, of course, made me feel very proud, but not happy, for I could understand the feelings of my poor Armand. However, he was not a novice, he had a record of successes and even triumphs that made him look with a philosophical eye at this bad turn of fortune and without any bitterness, he finished the play, hoping probably that the next performance would obliterate the recollection of this one: but, whenever he appeared after this memorable night, which was very seldom, the public showed that it had not forgotten.

My next début was in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," and I am glad to say that the success I had achieved in "Camille" was more confirmed by the rendition of that sympathetic part. From that day, the older members of the company, who were very conservative and who kept a little aloof, until my success was assured, were the first to congratulate me, and my friendship, for some of them, has lasted until this day.

Life in Russia is very sociable. The company being very large, the work was light and the long intervals of rest we enjoyed were not without danger and might even have proved fatal, had we not had, to stimulate our energy, that great incentive—vanity. The fear of being outshone by our sister artists, was the lash of the whip needed to spur us on. This was legitimate pride.

In my five years' sojourn in Russia, I played at least fifty different parts. I was at my best in characters that require dash, and vivacity. Long before I thought of studying English, I was called upon to play an American, a charming woman, but full of eccentricities. Two or three days before the performance, the comedian, Mr. Raynard, asked me why I did not play it with an accent, as the part had made a great hit in Paris on that account. Although I had never done anything of the kind, I tried it. The effect was amazing, and that part, which, played as



Photo Joel Feder

LOUISE WOODS

As the bride in the amusing farce, "Stop Thief"

it was written, would have been, if not altogether insignificant, still not of great importance, became the prominent one of the play. This proves that success often depends on a mere trifle.

As we played only four times a week, the intervening days between the performances were generally devoted to giving dinners or attending them. At those dinners, we met not only the company, but celebrated people in the world of letters and of the nobility. Every day, from four to six, each actress held a sort of "at home." These receptions gave birth to little "côteries," which were not without piquancy. Each had her followers and the day of her benefit, these followers outdid each other, to show their appreciation to the object of their special admiration. Not only magnificent bouquets were thrown at her feet, but most costly presents of silverware, gold, diamonds, were lavished upon her, for the Russians are, without exception, the most generous people living.

But of all, a farewell benefit is one of the most interesting sights one can witness. One is entitled to it, after twenty-five years' service. The beneficiary receives a pension from the crown and the Emperor usually decorates him as a token of his esteem and appreciation. I had the good fortune of being present at the one tendered to Madame Lagrange, the ingénue, who, although forty-five years of age and a grandmother, had retained all the freshness and sweetness of youth. She was petite, blonde, with laughing eyes and an expression of innocence and ingenuousness so fascinating that it had insured her position in spite of years and intrigues. Madame Lagrange came to Russia when she was twenty

years old and the Czar had for her such regard, esteem and admiration that when he met her on his morning walks, he used to say: "I will be lucky to-day; I have seen my good angel." And she was an angel of innocence, goodness, virtue and devotion.

The day of her farewell benefit, when she appeared on the stage, at least three hundred bunches of roses fell at her feet amidst cheers and storms of applause, while her eyes were filled with tears through which shone smiles of gratitude and love. After each act, she received call after call, and numerous presents were handed to her over the footlights. It was a genuine demonstration, for she was the idol of the public.

(To be continued next month)



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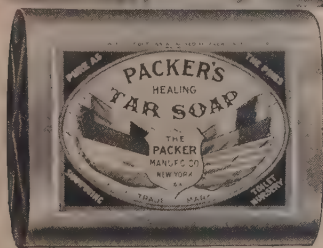
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STAGE MODESTY

(Continued from page 94)

you," she said, without the flicker of an eyelash, "I am twenty-three years old."

"I thought you were younger," said the man.

"That is the nicest thing you have said this evening," said this Broadway star.

"Would you object to singing a really comic song?" asked the man.

"While my sense of humor is not entirely deficient," said Miss Sanderson, "I sincerely hope that I shall not become a 'stage comic.' I know, at any rate, I would never be clever enough, and discretion is one of my virtues. In fact, too much cannot be said in favor of discretion for the young girl who hopes to win her public in musical comedy.

"It may be something of a surprise for audiences to find both youth and refinement in a musical show, but in my own case it is no stage trick, because I am really young and I have always had nice parts to play.

"Most of my time away from the theatre is spent in the open air. I go to all the baseball games I possibly can for the excitement and fresh air. One forgets the crowds in the pleasure of watching the game. Then, too, I am very fond of tennis when the weather makes it possible. Outside of the theatre my life is very normal and untheatrical. Our family is very small. It consists of my father and mother and myself; my only brother died some time ago. Being an only child, they make a great deal of me at home, and we have the happiest time, just we three together."

The obvious moral of this story is that where Julia Sanderson may be, stage modesty will always prevail in musical comedy—and, therefore, this interview was worth while.

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Mishap of a Paris Actress

Mlle. Mistinguett was "turning," to use the new cinematograph term, in a dramatic scene for the bioscope. The play was an arrangement of M. Jean Richepin's drama, "La Glue," in which she played the name part. In an interview Made-moiselle said, "We had just reached the scene when I have to be killed with a hammer. The murderer rushed at me and hit me. I felt a frightful blow, fell down with a scream, and another blow followed. Nobody round me seemed to notice it, and, indeed, I heard a voice say, 'she is acting wonderfully naturally.' I fainted away, and remember nothing else. I was afterward told that the actors went on performing for some minutes, and the cinema man continued turning his handle, without noticing that anything was wrong. When I came to I found myself under the doctor's hands and covered with blood. It turned out that the hammer with which I was struck had not been properly wrapped up to avoid accidents. The woman who hit me thought that the hammer was a mere property one, and quite safe, and struck with all her might. It was only on seeing that I was bleeding and had fainted away that my fellow-performers realized what had happened. I have three severe wounds on the head, and the doctor tells me that I must keep to my bed for a fortnight."—Paris Correspondence London Telegraph.

"My Little Sister"

Of the story—"My Little Sister," written by Elizabeth Robins and to be produced this season as a play by Charles Frohman—Hildegard Hawthorne writes:

"I heard a phrase the other day that struck me. It was to the effect that reforms could not be complete and personal, until we learned to love 'our invisible neighbor.' But we cannot love what is invisible. We must see it, we must touch it, or we must strongly imagine that we so see and touch. No one who reads Elizabeth Robins' 'My Little Sister' will thereafter consider the white slave traffic with the mind alone. Something at least of its indescribable horror will be personally real to him. The terror of its waste and loss, the individual tragedy, the human pity of it will have 'come home.'

"When we close the book we have been made to love our 'invisible neighbor.' It is our little sister who has gone to her death in the black waters, she who was 'white and golden, and always seemed to bring a shining where she went.' The tragedy has been made individual, has been shown to us with a harrowing simplicity as our own. The book is a true work of art."

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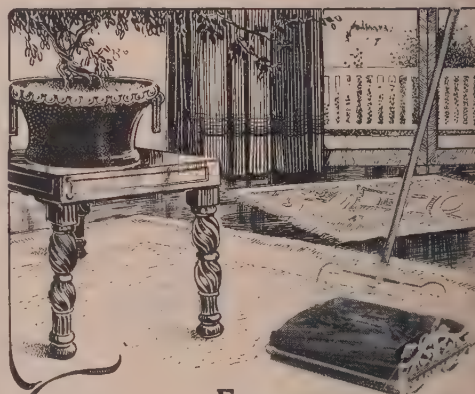
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A HOUBIGANT PERFUME

The Youngest Stage Magnate

(Continued from page 102)

to guarantee the rent of the Hackett Theatre for two weeks to its owners, the Shuberts. Then he took up his headquarters there, and, with his back against the wall, battled for life. He was manager, stage director, treasurer and press agent, all in one—press agent above all else. Every device known and unknown for the lure of the public he employed during those frenzied days. But the people who in response shortly began to trickle into the Hackett Theatre had no intimation that they were drawn thither simply by the magnetic urge of an unseen, unsung playwright's determination, beating out across the city in psychic waves of compelling insistence. They did not guess it then, nor has it ever been made generally known since. It sounds almost too bizarre. Yet such was the case.

Finally the critics condescended to put in their appearances, and soon their columns began to overflow with ecstatically flattering novices. Before the week was out, "Over Night" had lived down its title. All the town was talking of it, while outside the theatre an "S. R. O." sign appears. "Seats selling six weeks in advance." In his fortnight of grace Mr. Bartholomae not only cleared expenses, but again recovered his five thousand dollars and started the play fairly on its tumultuously successful run.

"But," he confides, "I lived and endured more in that fortnight than most people do in a year. I sweated blood. And"—he smiles whimsically—"they call it luck!"

When the Forty-eighth Street Theatre was building in New York Mr. Bartholomae utilized some of his profits from "Over Night" to acquire a quarter interest in it. Here he was initiated still further into the mysteries of producing, and when his second play, "Little Miss Brown," was ready he attended himself to practically every detail. So he has really proved in advance his fitness for the managerial office he has undertaken. As such an experienced authority as William A. Brady puts it, "Bartholomae's a born showman."

Perhaps that sums up the man better than anything else could. In both his plays the writer has been largely subservient to the showman—the being who sees life not so much in character and conversation as in situations. "The Violinist," the vehicle with which he provided Saranoff, is really nothing but a triumph of astute stage management, while the same is true, in a somewhat different sense, of "And They Lived Happily Ever After." Even in childhood he evinced his instinct. The entertainments he was tireless in arranging for his sisters and playmates were by no means the usual trifling mimicries of children. In them Philip Bartholomae oftentimes achieved really amazing realism. He foreshadowed his future.

His parents, however, looked with extreme disfavor upon all symptoms of the sort. They were people of large means—by way of variety, it is a great pleasure to be able to say as much of a successful playwright; but, then, Mr. Bartholomae will go to any extreme for the sake of originality. It was their intention that he should be a civil engineer and fill a definite and lucrative post they had in view. Dutifully he went through the necessary course of instruction for this, "just to show them," as he explains, "that I could be an engineer if I wanted to." But all the while he dreamed of writing for the stage, and to train himself therefor he secretly wrote several one-act plays. His people would give him no money for any theatrical venture, but out of his allowance, which was a liberal one, he contrived to save five hundred dollars. With this he went, during one summer vacation, to Washington, D. C., where Charlotte Walker at the time happened to be heading a stock company. That company needed money and Mr. Bartholomae put in his five hundred dollars with the understanding that he should be allowed to browse around the theatre to his heart's content. He wanted to study the business of play-making in all its phases and ramifications. It was part of his painstaking, provident judgment—his "common sense," as he likes to call it. He never tires of dwelling upon the practical value that summer's experience proved to him. When he returned to his studies at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute it was to devote all his spare time to the composition of "Over Night," with an insight into theatrical needs such as few budding playwrights ever take the trouble to acquire. "You see," he says with one of his singularly engaging smiles, "there's really nothing at all interesting about me outside of my theatrical exploits."

(Continued on page ix)



The Merger of East and West

*"But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!"*

—KIPLING.

In the "Ballad of East and West," Kipling tells the story of an Indian border bandit pursued to his hiding place in the hills by an English colonel's son.

These men were of different races and represented widely different ideas of life. But, as they came face to face, each found in the other elements of character which made them friends.

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For it honestly never occurs to him that the personality which made those exploits possible is by far the most interesting thing about him.

He is still well under thirty. For almost anyone else of equal youth to attempt what he is now attempting would be pitiable lunacy. But that is just why success for him appears inevitable. Even the legions whose favorite amusement it is to hail with derisive laughter every new aspirant to a theatrical manager's throne is respectfully silent before the advent of Philip E. Bartholomae. They know him as one whom Success has claimed for her own. And of all mistresses Success is notoriously the most faithful—especially where such a persistent, intrepid lover as Mr. Bartholomae is concerned.

BELDEN LEE.

Stage Realism of the Future

(Continued from page 90)

pace with realism. Moonlight has been seen by a million eyes, in thousands of years, but, each moonlit night has been a new moment to someone, a new inspiration of love and happiness.

The golden rule for the realism of the future on the stage—is truth. There is as much truth in the supernatural as there is in the natural, but it may be more difficult to express. I am inclined to believe that the expression of supernatural truth, is in itself, a supernatural message to the artist, and I say this from a logic of experience.

"The Return of Peter Grimm," for instance, is a play that grew out of supernatural causes. I was told over and over again, that I could not sustain the ghost-like illusion of the stage, without using the traditional green light and wax-white stage figure. But, I saw it in a way that nobody else could see it, and I have wondered how these pictures of what I have never seen with my eyes, came so vividly before me.

Who gave me this supernatural vision? Who told me how to give in "The Return of Peter Grimm" so plain a message of comfort to the bereaved?

I have to violate stage tradition, almost to ignore my knowledge of the theatre that I might make way for a new and untried stage effect. All this is inconceivably impossible to anyone who has not experienced the facts that I am trying to convey. It is a matter that can only be talked about with the discretion of a few who understand it.

When I decided upon the theme of this play I tried to find a name for my supernatural hero. I hunted through directories of the Dutch settlers, and intuitively disregarded "Hans" and "Jahn," and all the rest of them, till one day without any doubt whatever I decided upon "Peter." There was no question in my mind about it afterward, yet, why it should have been "Peter" instead of "Hans," or any other name is still a mystery. Then, that being settled, I had to find his surname. In despair one day, after reading an old Dutch directory of names, I shut my eyes, and put my finger on a spot on the page. I lifted it and read the name of "Grimm."

Now, who did that—who made me call him "Peter Grimm"?

If there are supernatural phenomena told in books and reported in newspapers, why not in the theatre?

To veil the story of this play with supernatural suggestion but without obvious staginess, I selected the month of April for its episode, the fairy month of the year, when the air is full of whisperings and murmurings. This, for effect, of course, but chiefly to emphasize the truth of supernatural influences.

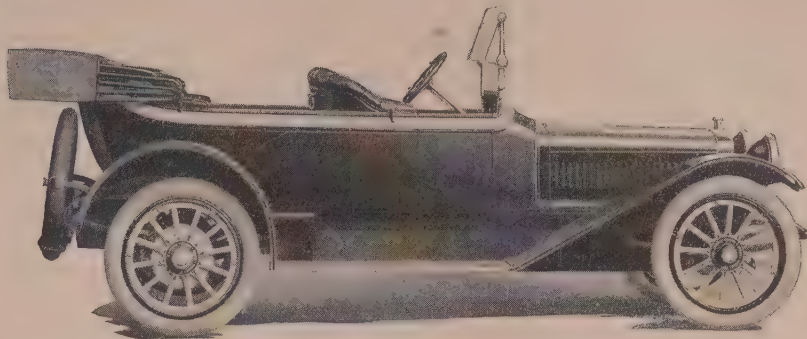
I mention chiefly "The Return of Peter Grimm," because it is a play which tried to touch the edge of the rainbow, a forecast of the wonderful possibilities in the realism of the future, in which lies an undiscovered field, full of supernatural influences, but not nearly so intangible as some people seem to think it is.

We are climbing in our serious ambitions even in the theatre, and the only pity is, that we cannot restrict its productions to themes which have in them the purpose of realism in the future.

DAVID BELASCO.

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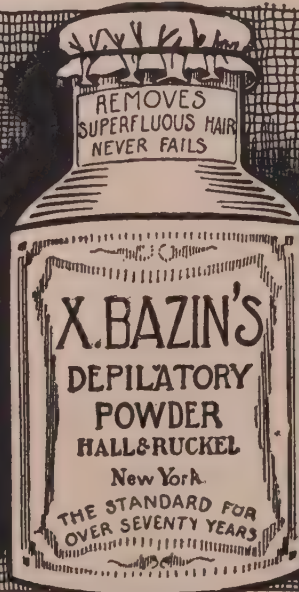


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"Tartarin" on the Parisian Stage

(Continued from page 92)

TARTARIN: Child! Let me alone. When I go on a lion hunt I go like a lion! At Livadia, at Peterhof, at Tsarskoe-Selo, I shall seek him, waiting for a favorite occasion. And one day as he sets out to chase a bear he will find me before him!

SONIA: But he will not be alone!

TARTARIN: No, he will be accompanied by two Cossacks, two giants, bearded, armed to the teeth, mounted on their rapid little horses of the Ukraine. They ride by the side of the Emperor. One of them perceives me, dashes toward me; I seize him, twist him out of the saddle, snatch his gun—bang! bang!—dead with a ball in the head. The other Cossack, mad with terror, flees. The Emperor, astonished, stops. He fixes me with his blue eyes, where I see a gleam of terror. I advance and cry: "Yes, it is I, Nicolas! Ah! ah! one of us two must fall!"

SONIA: What will he say?

TARTARIN: In a voice that he tries in vain to make firm he demands my name. "I am Tartarin of Tarascon, and I hurl you the gauntlet, Nicolas Romanoff!" At these words a livid pallor spreads over his visage. Flight is impossible—we are alone, face to face, Despotism and Liberty. To yourself, sire, look to yourself—draw your sword and defend yourself! I draw my own good sword—he advances—not a muscle of my face quivers—two bullets whistle past my ears, one to the right, one to the left. The tyrant puts his horse to a gallop—he tries to flee. Ha! ha! he shall not go far. I raise my trusty rifle—slowly, methodically I sight. In vain the despot seeks to escape me—exciting his horse, which leaps from left to right. But I stand unmoved. At the proper moment—pan! pan!

SONIA: A bullet in each eye?

TARASCON: No, one bullet only—between the two eyes. He falls to the ground. Mounting his war horse and carrying the corpse across my saddle I enter Petersburg, crying: "People, you are free, the tyrant is dead!"

SONIA: They would not understand you.

TARASCON: I will say it in Russian. I will learn Russian from to-day. Here they acclaim me: "Long live Tartarin!" But in Russian, of course. "Tartarinoff, Tartarinski, Tartarinieff! Tartarinovitch!" The Russian National Hymn. They carry me in triumph to the Imperial Palace—a delegation offers me the supreme power—I refuse.

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Of the many musical settings to poems with this title, one of the most effective is that by Hermann Goetze (1840-1876).

Zimbalist Plays Wieniawski's Beautiful "Légende."—Légende (*Op. 17*), Wieniawski.

One of the most effective pieces in Mr. Zimbalist's repertoire, and one of the most liked by his audiences, is the beautiful but melancholy Légende of the late Henri Wieniawski.

Whitehill Sings a Foster Ballad—Old Black Joe, Foster.

A New Powell Record—Caprice (*Op. 51, No. 2*), Ogarew.

A dainty number which Mme. Powell has been using in her recitals, and of which she has made an unusually attractive record for the Victor.

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The portrait of Mr. David Belasco which appears on the top of page 86 of this issue is from a photograph by the Misses Selby, whose studio is at 628 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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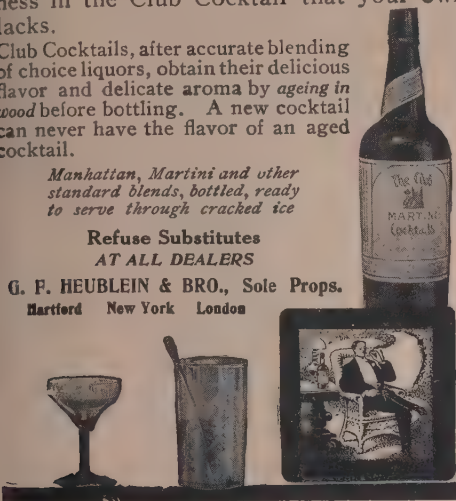
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The American Playwright

Edited by WILLIAM T. PRICE

(Author of "The Technique of the Drama" and "The Analysis of Play Construction.")

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W. T. PRICE

1440 Broadway NEW YORK CITY

THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 83)

not written, and Mr. Ned Wayburn, who staged this colossal production, deserves high praise for his ingenuity of invention and the snap and sparkle with which he has invested the action. The music by Jean Schwartz and Al. W. Brown serves its purpose, even though it lacks much originality. The dialogue and lyrics are from the pen of Harold Atteridge. The verses are neat, and even though a bit professional, the song with alternate verses, by the pseudo, Geo. M. Cohan and Willie Collier, is really witty. There is some good satire, too, in the opening scene between the "tired business man" and the theatre usher, after which the dialogue not only fails in importance, but quality as well. But at this point action takes the place of the spoken word, and pretty girls, in different costumes every fifteen minutes, hard-working comedians, the black-faced patter of Le Maire and Conroy is very clever. Charlotte Greenwood's contortions and the every-variety of the tango and turkey trot, together with the almost forgotten cake-walk, fill in most acceptably. But the imposing steps of the Capitol at Washington, reaching to the very gridiron of the stage, is the scenic and chorographic acme. That alone would carry any show to success.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. THE LURE. play in three acts by George Scarborough. Produced August 14th with this cast:

The Mother, Miss Lucia Moore; The Doctor, Mr. Mortimer Martini; The Special Agent, Mr. Vincent Serrano; The Girl, Miss Mary Nash; The Maid, Miss Suzanne Willis; The Politician, Mr. Edwin Holt; The Madame, Miss Dorothy Dorr; The Cadet, Mr. George Probert; The Other Girl, Miss Lola May.

Each theatrical season puts out its own particular brand of play. We have had, in turn, the war play with its smell of gunpowder, the frontier play with its cowboys and Indians, the political play with its exposé of graft and corruption, the financial play with its strife between capital and labor, the Oriental play with its sensuous pictures, the shop-girl play with its appeal for more humane conditions. This year, following the lead of Elizabeth Robins' "My Little Sister," it is the white slave question which the playwright has selected for a dramatic sermon, the first offering in this direction being "The Lure," a piece dealing with the problem of how a girl goes wrong. It is a strong, grim drama and very little is left to the imagination. The scene is a house of ill-fame. The characters are labelled frankly the Madame, the Cadet, the Girls, etc. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that the public performance of pieces of this character acquaint immature minds with unpleasant phases of life, but unless the truth is told and perils pointed out, how is innocence to be protected? To quarrel with such plays because they tell the truth and expose these terrible conditions, is to accuse oneself of the worst kind of pharisaism. The play is brutally drawn, but it is an accurate picture of conditions as they exist to-day in every big city in the world. To deny its truth or to charge the author—a United States secret service agent who has done much investigating in this field—with exaggeration is to confess oneself ignorant of life.

A poor working girl must have money to save the life of a dying mother. At her wits' end, she recalls that a certain Madame Somebody once gave her a card, saying she always had "extra work for girls in the evenings." The girl calls at the address given and is ushered into a luxuriously furnished reception room. The real character of the place soon dawns upon the girl and she tries to flee. Too late. The Madame detains her, claiming a week's board and the price of the fine dresses she has given her. Finally, through a secret service lover, the girl is saved and the white slavers are arrested.

The piece is well acted. Mary Nash plays the girl simply and with considerable emotional power. Dorothy Dorr, an experienced actress, is impressive as the Madame. Edwin Holt portrays to the life the professional politician. Vincent Serrano is convincing as the agent, and George Probert is realistic as the Cadet. Lucia Moore also does excellent work as the suffering mother. "The Lure" is well worth seeing. It will be food for discussion for months to come.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY. COBURN PLAYERS IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW." Comedy by William Shakespeare. Produced on July 28th with this cast:

Baptista, Frank Peters; Vincentio, Conrad Cantzen; Lucentio, George Gaul; Petruchio, Mr. Coburn; Hortensio, Norbert Myles; Gremio, George Currie; Biondello, Frank Howard; Tranio, Thomas Mitchell; Grumio, John

(Continued on page xiv)

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The Smart Set

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WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT, *Editor*

Under the new policy of The Smart Set contributions by the following authors are appearing:

Brieux	Bliss Carman
George Moore	Ezra Pound
May Sinclair	Ford Madox Hueffer
August Strindberg	J. D. Beresford
James Huneker	Florence Wilkinson
William Butler Yeats	W. Pett Ridge
Arthur Schnitzler	Gabriele D'Annunzio
Eden Phillpotts	Reginald Wright Kauffman
Frank Wedekind	Daniel Carson Goodman
Theodore Dreiser	Harris Merton Lyon
Maarten Maartens	Arthur Stringer
Leonard Merrick	Edgar Saltus
Frank Harris	Richard Le Gallienne
Ludwig Lewisohn	D. H. Lawrence

IN the September issue of The Smart Set there will appear a powerful one-act play by Brieux, author of "Damaged Goods." It is called "A School for Mothers-in-Law," and, despite its lightness of touch, is a searching social document, in many ways as important in theme as "Damaged Goods."

May Sinclair also contributes an arresting and human story entitled "The Pictures." This story is in Miss Sinclair's best vein.

William Butler Yeats contributes a long lyrical poem, "The Three Hermits."

Gabriele D'Annunzio contributes a realistic story of mother-love, entitled "The End of a Dream."

Reginald Wright Kauffman contributes a novelette of New York life—"Judgment." It is a strong modern story, and unquestionably the best thing this author has ever done.

These are but a few of the features in the September issue of The Smart Set. Twenty-five other contributions are on the table of contents.

THE SMART SET is frankly making its appeal to the 'thinking reader, the reader who demands the best in modern literature, the reader who is dissatisfied with the inane output of the average "popular" magazine.

If you are this kind of reader, you will welcome the September Smart Set. Something new and genuine has remained to be done in the American publishing world. The Smart Set is endeavoring to do it.

A MAKER OF MOONS

THE pyramids bulk black against a purple sky. Above, the stars that shine over the desert lead the eye away through space, giving a sense of depth and perspective that is had only in the heavens of the tropics. But there is still the sense of a lack. Then the moon rises, slowly, majestically, glowing like molten gold with the tomb of a king silhouetted sharply against it, and the audience gasps at the very naturalness of the phenomenon. Here is no candle in a box, hung up behind the back drop by a careless scene shifter who reckes not if his "moon" does a crazy dance before settling into its appointed place. Rather, it is the moon of hot summer nights, distorted by the atmosphere to an immense size, but such a one as has never before been brought down to earth to aid the muses of the American stage.

The audience wonders aloud how the effect is gained. The answer is simple. To electricity—or to be exact, to electricity and Benjamin Bierwald, chief electrician of the Century Theatre in New York—should the credit be given for putting Luna into the cast of "Joseph and His Brethren." When this spectacular production was first seen at the Century last season, the wonderful moon effect made a sensation. As this play is now attracting crowds in other cities, it will be interesting to all theatre-goers to be taken behind the scenes and learn how it is done.

I sought out Bierwald to sit at his feet and learn how he had wrought such a change in the varied skies that Thespis knows. Through a tangle of scenery, dangling ropes and props I stumbled. Egyptian soldiers, men of all the tribes of Israel, alluring dancing maidens, sped hither and yon about me, but nowhere was there anyone who looked as if he might be a maker of moons. Finally a slave of Pharaoh's stopped long enough to answer a question. "Who? Benny? Sure, that's him over there." And lo, it was so.

He led me to a dark corner where the moon had been shoved to await the night's performance. At first glance it looked like a boy's attempt to build a searchlight of warship size. But I had seen it from "out in front" and knew what it could do. The moon itself is a lamp four feet in diameter and a foot deep. In fact, it might have been made from a great dishpan. Stretched across its face is a drumhead of linen with faint markings of all the moon's pits and craters that go to make up the features of that amiable lunatic, the man in the moon. Set about the rim inside, there are thirty-six electric lamps of a hundred candle power each.

"But why doesn't each lamp make its separate spot of light on this thin covering?" I asked.

That was one of the difficulties that Bierwald met and overcame. He found a linen of Scotch weave through which the glow of a lamp is diffused equally, no matter what its power. To get the proper color, the orange tint of the new-rising moon, he applied a thin coat of paint to each lamp and then traced on the linen the markings of the moon's face.

"It's a real moon that you see, too," Bierwald explains with righteous pride; "that's the same face that it showed on the night of September 15, 1903, and it was just 14.40 days old then. You see, I've always had the idea that a moon that looked like a moon could be made for the theatre. The blobs of yellow light stuck up somewhere on a back drop have always looked sort of sickly to me. Besides, they never moved, no matter how long a time the moon scenes were supposed to cover. Now you know no self-respecting moon stays still to watch a pair of lovers spooning, no matter whether they are ancient or modern. So it was up to me to have it stir around a bit, besides looking like a real thing.

"I went to a man who takes pictures of the moon in all its phases. He gave me the plate of a photograph he had taken through a telescope. A little acid took off all the negative except the moon itself, and then I had a lot of enlargements made. The biggest one was four feet across, and that is the one we use. After the big picture was made I laid the linen for the lamp-face on it and traced the outline of all the physical features, afterward filling them in and shading them with light blue. Now when the light is turned on, the effect from the front is exactly what you can see on the full moon at any time. But I don't let the whole thing come up. It's not due to appear until close to the end of the act, anyway, and just a section of it showing from behind the pyramid is enough. If I sent it up all the way, the 3,600 candle-power would light up the whole auditorium, and it would be too bright."

The mechanical end of the moon-rise is as clever a piece of work as the lamp itself. Two uprights, two inches by two, rise from a broad standard. Two others of the same size, and fastened to each side of the lamp, slide in grooves on the first upright. Heavy sash-cord is led from an eye-bolt at the bottom of the lamp uprights, on each side, through a small block on the top of the standard uprights, and then down to an axle, fitted with a small wheel and handle on one end. By turning the wheel slowly the lamp can be raised or lowered at any speed, and there is none of the painful jiggling which has so often destroyed the realism of an otherwise well-set moonlight scene.

Now Bierwald is busy with plans for elaborating his invention for use in future productions.

"Look at this set of moons," he says, showing a roll of print of all sizes; "we can have any kind of moon we want now. But I do like this first big one. It's just about the best actor we have."

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C. Hickey; Curtis, Charlotte Gladstone; Sugarsop, Constance Howard; Philip, William Fish; A Pedant, Herbert Haekler; A Tailor, Nevin Clark; Katherina, Mrs. Coburn; Bianca, Kate McLaurin; Widow, Eugenia Webb.

What F. R. Benson has been doing to stimulate the British interest in Shakespeare and the legitimate Charles Douville Coburn and his Players have been doing in a mild way for the American public. They are earnest and intelligent performers whose efforts have been properly appreciated. Recently they appeared for a week on the campus at Columbia University in a round of Shakespearean plays. All during the mild and open season they tour the country. The sward is their stage, the hedges their tiring rooms. With only the elements have they to contend, for their dextrous use of caliums makes them independent of the moon for lighting purposes.

Their opening bill this season was "The Taming of the Shrew." This farce, without the induction, they played with fine roystering zest and a due regard for all the mirth-provoking details that stage convention has handed down.

Mr. Coburn makes an imposing and dominating figure as Petrucio, while the Katherina of his wife is an impersonation, carefully composed and acted with becoming force and finish. The comedians of the Coburn company are particularly competent and the various scenes in which they figured went with spirited success. During the week the Coburn Players acted Percy Mac-kaye's "Canterbury Pilgrims" and the "Iphigenia in Tauris," by Euripides.

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Queries Answered

H. J.—Q.—What was the original cast for the comic opera, "The Mandarin," and when and where was it given in New York? A.—"The Mandarin" was produced for the first time in New York on November 2, 1898 with the following cast: Emperor of China, Henry Norman; Mandarin of Foo-Choo, George Heney; Fan Tan, George C. Boniface, Jr.; Hop Sing, Joseph Sheehan; Court Physician, Samuel Marion; Jesso, Bertha Waltzinger; Ting Ling, Adele Ritchie; Sing Lo, Alice Barnett; Ping Tee, Helen Redmond. Q.—At what theatre was "Barbe-Bleue" played in, on July 20, 1868? A.—It was played in Niblo's Garden. Q.—Kindly let me know if you have any theatrical photos for sale. A.—We do not sell photos. You can obtain them from Sarony, 256 Fifth Ave., N. Y., White, 1546 Broadway, N. Y., or Moffett, 25 Congress St., Chicago.

H. F. U., Chicago.—Q.—Have you published any pictures of Fred Eric, now playing the part of the Caliph with Otis Skinner in "Kismet"? A.—No.

Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—Must a play be typewritten to be read, and is it necessary to have it copyrighted before it is read? A.—It is best to have your play typewritten in order that it can be easily read. It is not necessary to have it copyrighted.

M. A., Los Angeles.—Q.—To whom should I submit a play just completed? A.—To any of the managers—David Belasco, W. A. Brady, Messrs. Shubert, Charles Frohman, etc.

M. L. B., Binghamton.—Q.—Is there a school for playwrights in New York, if so, where? A.—Mr. William T. Price of 1440 Broadway teaches playwriting by mail.

Z. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—Please print the complete cast of "His House in Order," as presented by John Drew in 1906. A.—Hilary Jesson, John Drew; Filmer Jesson, C. M. Halland; Derek Jesson, Leona Powers; Sir Daniel Ridgeley, Arthur Elliot; Pryce Ridgeley, Martin Sabine; Major Maurewarde, Henry Vibart; Dr. Dilmott, Herbert Budd; Harding, Gilbert Douglas; Forshaw, Rex McDougal; Butler, Maurice Franklin; Footman, H. R. Pratt; Nina, Margaret Illington; Lady Ridgeley, Lean Haliday; Geraldine Ridgeley, Madge Girdlestone; Mlle. Thome, Hope Latham.

Subscriber.—Q.—Will you kindly tell me if William Gillette has had any of his plays such as "Secret Service" and "The Private Secretary," published in book form? A.—Samuel French & Co., of 30 West 38th St., N. Y., publish Mr. Gillette's plays.

Subscriber.—Q.—Please give the names of the cemeteries and cities or towns where are interred the remains of the following members of the dramatic profession—Madame Celeste, Mlle. Aimée, Harry Edwards, Louise Montague. A.—Mme. Celeste died in England on February 19, 1882.

(Continued on page xvi)



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but we do not know where she is buried. Mlle. Aimée, we believe, is buried in the Mountpar-nasse Cemetery, Paris, having died on October 2, 1887. Harry Edwards was cremated at Fresh Pond, L. I. Louise Montague died on March 15, 1910 at 164 Manhattan Avenue, New York, but we do not know her burial place.

F. B., Tarrytown.—Q.—Who is the composer of the opera, "The Queen of Sheba"? A.—Karl Goldmark. Q.—Kindly tell me when and where it was first produced and also the date of its first presentation in New York. A.—"The Queen of Sheba" was first produced in Vienna, on March 10, 1875, and was first heard in New York on December 2, 1885.

T. C., Buffalo.—Q.—In what plays have Laura Nelson Hall and Jane Grey made their last appearances? A.—Laura Nelson Hall appeared in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," at the Hudson Theatre, and Jane Grey in "The Conspiracy," at the Garrick Theatre.

B. R., Chicago.—Q.—Where can I purchase the play, "The Melting Pot"? A.—Israel Zangwill's play, "The Melting Pot," has been published by the Macmillan Company, New York. You can purchase it at any bookseller's.

Reader, Springfield.—Q.—Who is John Drew's leading woman? A.—Laura Hope Crews. Q.—Where is Maude Adams appearing now? A.—She is playing on the road in J. M. Barrie's "Peter Pan." Q.—When and where did Miss Adams first appear on the stage? A.—In "The Lost Child," in Salt Lake City in 1873.

E. A. H.—Q.—What was Blanche Bates' first part? A.—Miss Bates made her first appearance on the stage in August 1894, in a play by Brander Matthews called "The Picture." Q.—In what play did Grace George make her début? A.—In a farce called "A New Boy."

S. B., San Diego.—Q.—Who are the publishers of Richard Wagner's Memoirs? A.—Dodd, Mead & Co. Q.—Is there a book published which gives the stories of the operas? A.—A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, publish "The Standard Operas," by George P. Upton.

F. Q., Omohundro, Va.—Q.—Can you give names of managers who want chorus girls? A.—You might apply to Mr. Ned Wayburn, 1480 Broadway, N. Y. City.

T. U., Madison.—Q.—Have you ever published a picture of Titta Ruffo, the celebrated baritone? A.—See our November, 1912, and January, 1913, issues. Q.—Can you tell me who Julia Sander-son's manager is and his address? A.—Charles Frohman, Empire Theatre Bldg., N. Y. City.

P. L., Omaha.—Q.—Where can I obtain good pictures of Billie Burke? A.—Sarony, 256 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City. Q.—Have you published any scenes from "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl"? A.—See our October, 1912, issue.

M. M. R., Sacramento, Cal.—Q.—Will you kindly inform me where I can obtain the manu-script of Barrett's play, "The Sign of the Cross"? A.—Write to Messrs. Sanger & Jordan, 1430 Broadway, New York City.

S. E. G., Muncie, Ind.—Q.—Have you ever published a picture of Sara Allgood of the Irish Players? A.—See our April, 1913, issue. Q.—Who is the author of "The Playboy of the Western World"? A.—John M. Synge. Q.—Did the Irish Players appear in New York last season? A.—Yes—at Wallack's Theatre.

New Dramatic Books

"TOWARDS A NEW THEATRE." By Edward Gordon Craig. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$6 net.

This book is an example of the highest artistic excellence in printing, its hundred pages and forty plates on heavy paper constituting a formidable map-like volume. It contains the gist of Mr. Craig's theories on the pictorial side of the staging of plays. We may assume the justice of his claim that he originated the movement toward a new theatre, some evidences of which we have seen here in the Reinhardt productions. Mr. Craig's dedication reads: "To the Italians, in respect and gratitude; to their old and their new actors, ever the best in Europe, the designs in this book are dedicated." Each plate is accompanied with critical notes by the author. Mr. Craig writes with marked confidence in himself, but that is immaterial and not necessarily prej-udicial. Until his theories are adopted, they concern the public in a much less degree than they do stage managers and producers. In other words, there is an artistic and pictorial quality in Mr. Craig's work that must be put into general use before they are even understood by the public. For the present, his theories remain technical and largely untried, but he urges them with convic-

tion, and the volume has value to the student. J. M. Dent & Sons are the London publishers.

"MODERN DANCING AND DANCERS." By J. E. Crawford Flitch, M.A. With eight illustrations in color and many in black and white. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; London: Grant Richards, Ltd.

This is a handsome large quarto volume, a book of value in every way. Its history of dancing is complete and authoritative, and one obtains from it a satisfactory idea of the significance and beauty of the art up to its most recent development. The descriptive text is illuminating, and the pictures of the most celebrated dancers, many in colors and representing the most characteristic poses and movements, are interesting in the individualities that they put before us. The range of the book may be seen from the titles of the chapters: "The Ancient and Modern Attitude Toward the Dance," "The Rise of the Ballet," "The Heyday of the Ballet," "The Decline of the Ballet," "The Skirt Dance," "The Serpentine Dance," "The High Kickers," "The Revival of Classical Dancing," "The Imperial Russian Dancers," "The Repertory of the Russian Ballet," "The Russian Dancers," "The English Ballet," "Oriental and Spanish Dancing," "The Revival of the Morris Dance," and "The Future of the Dance." A full index affords references to every aspect of the subject and to the personalities involved. It is a most satisfactory achievement.

"THE VARIORUM SHAKESPEARE. JULIUS CÆSAR." Edited by Horace Howard Furness, Jr. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Co.

The volume is dedicated to H. H. F., in Memoriam: "Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son. 3 Henry VI: II, i, 20." The continuation of the work begun by the father is carried out worthily by the son, whose scholarship is manifest. The nature of the Variorum edition of Shakespeare is so well known that we need not here give any account of its unique merits and methods. Into this volume is gathered everything that research can bring to bear on the subject. Thus, indirectly it is the work of many minds and embodies the critical thought of the centuries that have belonged to Shakespeare.

"S. O. S." AND FIVE ONE-ACT PLAYS. By Preston Gibson. Samuel French: New York.

In addition to the title play, the volume contained "Suicides," "Derelicts," "The Secret Way," "The Vacuum," and "Cupid's Trick." Several of these plays have been performed, at various times, at the Belasco Theatre, in Washington, or at the Playhouse, a little theatre under the control of Mr. Gibson himself. Some of the themes belong to that drama which relies largely upon circumstances of unusual poignancy of feeling, but the plays are always dramatic. In "S. O. S." the device of a moving picture is used to show a part of the action. It is ingenious, apt, and in no degree an interruption. Mr. Gibson is self-reliant. The effect of this innovation, if it can be successfully carried out mechanically by an instant change, would be interesting. Mr. Gibson's tendency is toward the theatric, but he is plainly gaining command of his art.

"JACOB LEISLER." A play of old New York. In Four Acts. By William O. Bates. Michael Kennerley: New York.

An introductory note by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer sets forth the appreciation with which this play is regarded by those who represent intimate knowledge of the early history of New York as a colony. The published play is dedicated to the Society of Colonial Wars. These circumstances of interest in the play should not suggest that the acting drama has a value limited to such appreciation. Its dramatic qualities commend it to practical use on the stage. It reproduces a bit of history, in dramatic form, that should be more familiar to the public which frequents theatres than it is. It is a good play, with exalted sentiment, setting forth the first stirrings of independence in the colonies. Jacob Leisler was the first to suggest by his activities and his tragic fate American freedom and unity. The book contains some interesting notes and a number of illustrations.

"PERCEPTIONS." By Robert Bowman Peck. London: Elkin Mathews.

A collection of poems, some of them not wholly unrelated to the stage.

"THE DRAMATIC INDEX, 1912." Edited by Frederick W. Faxon, compiled with the co-operation of over twenty-five libraries.

This publication is indispensable to all who have occasion to refer to a record of every important article on current dramatic movements, books and productions. The fulness of this index is indicated by the number of pages, 322, closely printed. The information is made all the more accessible by the system of cross-indexing. We may refer to the names of authors, plays, magazines, subjects generally drama, etc.

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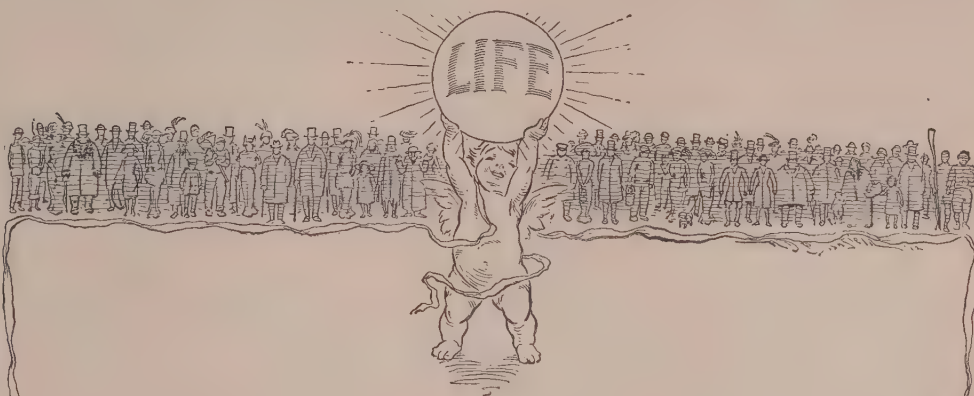
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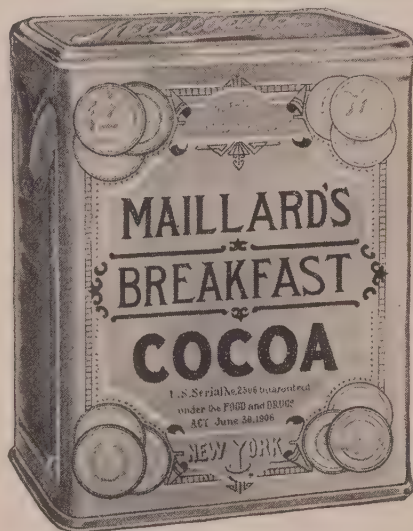
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ONE day last month a very tanned and animated group of Thespians were seen again

The Hull House Players

around their old stamping-grounds in Chicago. They were the Hull House Players, who had just returned from Europe. To many actors a trip abroad is a trifling incident of the summer vacation. Not so with the Hull House company. None of them had ever crossed the Atlantic before, most of them had never seen Broadway, and very few had done any travelling at all outside of the short trips made by the company to play in towns near Chicago.

They had every reason to be proud of their "grand tour," because they had earned the money it cost by the excellent performances they had given during the year. It was only a forty-two-day trip, but no one could make three thousand dollars stretch farther for fourteen people than Mrs. Laura Dainty Pelham, the director of the Hull House Players, or do more to insure their success. From the time they landed at Queenstown until they sailed for home from the Hague, they were royally entertained. In Dublin they had tea with Lady Gregory and visited the Irish Players, with whom they had become fast friends during the latter's engagement in Chicago. They were the guests of honor at a reception given by the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Aberdeen, who placed at their disposal St. Patrick's Hall, of Dublin Castle, for a performance of "By Products." They had lunch with the Countess of Warwick at Warwick Castle, were shown through the Houses of Parliament by Mr. Percy Alden, and in London lunched with John Galsworthy, who had met the players during a brief visit to Chicago.

Just before they went abroad, they gave a week of repertoire at Hull House, during which their many friends turned out to do them honor and speed them on their way. They gave "Kindling," "You Never Can Tell," "The Tragedy of Nan," "The Rising of the Moon" and "The Workhouse Ward," three one-act plays, "Marse Covington," by George Ade, "By Products," by Joseph Medill Patterson, and "Manacles," by H. K. Moderswell, and "The Pigeon."

It was at Mr. Galsworthy's own request that the Hull House Players gave "The Pigeon." When he came to Chicago last year, he met Mrs. Pelham and became very much interested in her organization. He told her how delighted he was to have heard of their masterly production of his drama, "Justice." Mr. Galsworthy thought it was remarkable that this little company should bring out his play when other managers had been refusing to do so for over two years. He had a long talk with Frank Keough, Louis Alter and Stuart Bailey, and said he was delighted with the work of the company. He suggested that they should do "The Pigeon," which play has been one of the most popular in their repertoire ever since.

The first performance of "The Pigeon" was given after it had been in rehearsal only four weeks, and as a result there occurred the slips characteristic of a first-night, even in the best professional companies. The lights flashed up in the wrong

places and were extinguished at critical moments. The Pigeon's dressing-gown, which he draped

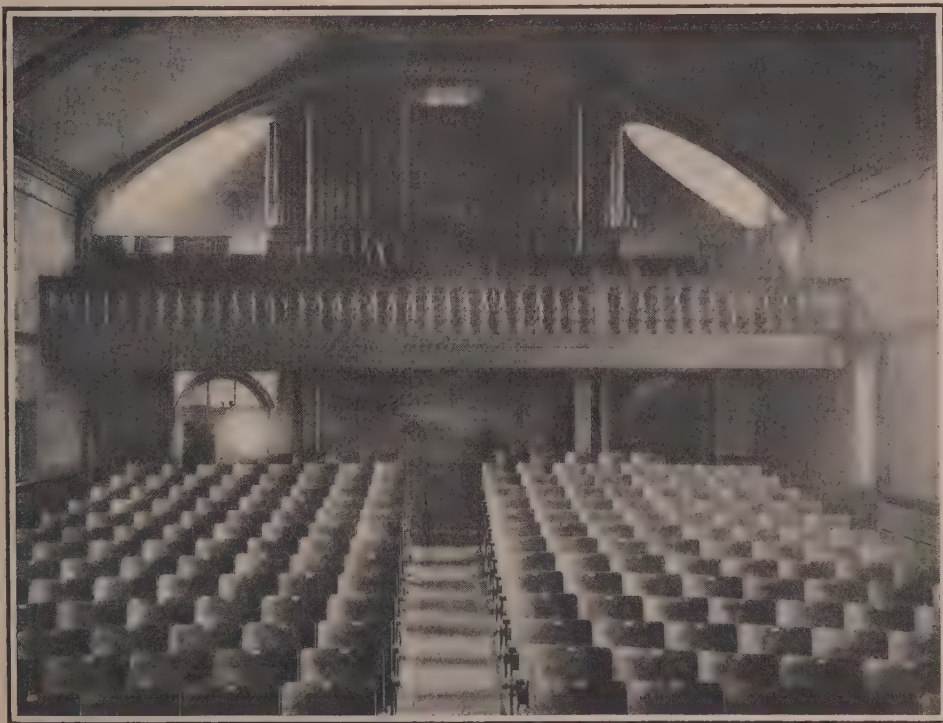
around him after he had given his last pair of trousers to Ferrand, the French vagabond, was not quite long enough to guarantee the sobriety of the audience, and a chair had to be reached through the doorway by a thoughtful stage hand, who deplored the bareness of the studio. But these were only minor discrepancies, and Mrs. Pelham saw that they did not recur. Recent performances of the play have shown a real growth, and the prompter, that bugbear of all amateur organizations, was never in evidence again.

The Hull House Players are not amateurs. They act with a finish and artistic precision, which, as one Chicago critic said, inflicts on them the penalty as well as the privilege of being considered professionals. They are not college students entering into dramatics as a sort of lark; they are not people of comparative leisure resorting to amateur acting to fill up part of their playtime. Rather they are hard-working young folks, who have plenty of troubles and worries, some of them with families to look after, and yet who come to their acting as to something that will freshen up the wilted aspect of life for them after the daily grind. Everyone must have some interest outside of the "bread alone" struggle to keep wholesome and happy. With some it is athletics, books, travelling, or cards. With these young people it is their acting, and they are satisfied to have it take up most of their spare time. They have two rehearsals a week, and just before a new production, all-day rehearsals on Sundays. Their connection with the company not only provides all their amusement, but a stimulating intellectual life for them as well. They have high ideals of life and society and prefer to present those plays that deal with the serious moral and social problems of the day, such as those of Shaw, Galsworthy, and Pinero.

Everyone connected with the organization works during the day. Mrs. Pelham, the director, is in her office from nine until six and devotes her evenings to her players. Louis Alter, one of the leading members of the company, is a cigar-maker; Stuart Bailey runs a little restaurant downtown; Frank Keough works in the office of a brewery, and Edward Sullivan in the office of a large corporation; Joseph Marsolais is a stereotyper; Debra McGrath, a school-teacher, and Laura Thornton and Maud Smith, stenographers. Laura Cridle and Helen Silverman are employed in that most ancient of occupations, keeping house for their husbands. A. Rubenstein is in the feather business, and Paul Grauman is a photographer.

The Hull House Dramatic Association has been in existence eleven years, and of the original

eleven members there are four remaining. Most of those who dropped out did so after the first year because they could not stand the pressure. The membership is limited to thirteen, and as none of the active members contemplate resigning, there seems little hope at present for those on the long waiting list. However, they often help out in emergencies. Charles McCormick,



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VIRGINIA PEARSON
To appear in "Nearly Married"

the president of the organization, Laura Thornton, the secretary, Maud Smith, and Joseph Marsolais, have been in since the beginning; Miss McGrath comes next with ten years; then Alter, Keough, and Mrs. Silverman, nine years; Mrs. Criddle, eight; Bailey, three; and Grauman and Sullivan, two. Thus the players have really grown up together and have the delightfully informal and friendly attitude of a large family toward each other. The members were originally selected from the talented young people in the various social play clubs in existence at Hull House at the time.

One might marvel at the facility with which the company in "The Pigeon" mastered a dialect of which they have no personal knowledge, if one had not heard their delicious brogue in the Irish plays. In "The Pigeon," Mrs. Silverman as the flower girl, and Joseph Marsolais as the cabby, bring out the flavor of the London street jargon, and Stuart Bailey, who does not know a word of French, manages the broken dialect of the vagabond philosopher beautifully, and adds that distinct little flourish to his words so characteristic of the French speech.

In the Irish plays the company do the parts with an enchanting brogue and a delicious intonation. Of course, a number of the cast are Irish and fall naturally into the "spakin' of it." But the real source of inspiration is Mrs. Pelham herself. As Laura Dainty she was a great soubrette and famous in her specialty of Irish rôles.

As she proudly puts it, "I played what were known as chambermaid parts. The chambermaid became a soubrette, and now the soubrette is an ingenue, so you can figure out how old I am. And you will notice," she added, "that the Hull House stage uses the County Kerry dialect."

Boucicault's thrilling melodrama, "Kathleen Mavourneen," was revived just before the players went to Europe, so Mrs. Pelham's friends could see her in the part of Kathleen, which was her first success on the stage thirty-five years ago. It was the first time Mrs. Pelham had ever acted with her players.



White ROBERT HILLIARD
Appearing in "The Argyle Case"



CATHERINE CALVERT
Who will play the leading rôle in "The Escape"

Old-time playgoers say her screams were as piercing and bloodcurdling, and with her blond wig and make-up, she looked as much the simple Irish country lass as when they saw her long ago.

Those who have seen the Hull House Company in Lady Gregory's plays, "The Workhouse Ward," "The Rising of the Moon," "Spreading the News," and in Synge's "Riders to the Sea," will remember how exquisitely they were given and that the Hull House Players did not suffer by comparison with the Irish Players. The meeting with the Irish Players in Dublin was only the renewal of a friendship begun in Chicago. One Saturday night during the Irish company's engagement in Chicago, Lady Gregory and Lennox Robinson came over to Hull House and saw the little company do some of her plays. They were so pleased with them that they wanted a performance given for their whole company. So the following Sunday afternoon, Lady Gregory, the Irish Players, and the Irish neighbors of Hull House were invited to a special performance of the four plays. One of the Dublin actors was so moved by "The Riders to the Sea," that even though he had played in it so often and knew what every line would be before it was spoken, he felt a lump in his throat and could not keep the tears back. He was ashamed of himself until he looked down the row and saw all the rest of the company stealthily wiping the tears away. Afterward the Hull House Players entertained them at a merry supper in which tears were not in order at all. The two busy groups had another meeting at which they gave a combination performance of "The Rising of the Moon," two Hull House players starting

the piece and two Irish players finishing it. The Hull House people were invited to see the Irish company many times. The last night of the engagement the house was sold out and they had to sit in the top gallery, but they did not sit there alone. All the Irish Players who were not in the cast climbed up there.

"Our friendship with the Irish Players is very gratifying to us," admitted Mrs. Pelham, "we have been reaching out and

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working for that sort of art the past ten years. We are striving for simplicity and less artificiality in the drama, and want to strike a happy medium between the natural and dramatic. Our association is aiming at the highest ideals in the drama, and I cannot begin to say how much I appreciate the encouragement the people of Chicago have given the players, not only by coming to see us act, or by permitting us to see so many good plays, but also for the personal interest they have taken in our development and improvement.

"Some people have watched us from the start and did not think much of the melodramas we presented at first. But I know the melodramas were worth while, because they were good training in the craft and business of the stage. We have given every kind of play and tried every style of acting. Just as a good cook should know how to make German, French, English, and Italian dishes, so a good actor should be schooled in every kind of play."

Mrs. Pelham was asked if any of the company had had professional offers or ambitions to go on the stage.

"Louis Alter has had several offers, but as he does not care to leave his business he has considered none of them. After our performance of "Justice," many stage managers called up to see if they could get some of my players, but I refused. My ambitions for them are not in that direction, and they themselves have no desire to go on the professional stage. Of course, this does not mean that we won't go to nearby places under our own management. I am very willing to go on short tours when it does not interfere with the regular work of the members."

Mrs. Pelham and her players were very proud of their success in the first play that had been written by a Hull House girl, Hilda Satt. The play is called "The Walking Delegate," and is a dramatization of Leroy Scott's novel.

Miss Satt has lived most of her life in the neighborhood of Hull House. She was born of Russian-Jewish parents near Warsaw, and came to Chicago with her family in 1892. The young authoress has had a very busy young life. To the present writer during a rehearsal she explained with due cause for pride: "I went to work in a factory when I was thirteen years old, and I have been supporting myself ever since. I studied every night when I came home from work. When I was about sixteen I first came to Hull House. I joined a literary club and was the editor of a little paper we published, but it was the stimulus of coming together and exchanging opinions that helped me most."

"I have always been hungry for experiences of every type. I consider every employment an opportunity to reach out for new impressions, and I have often accepted a position at half the wages I was previously receiving for the sake of the novel experiences it would bring me. I expect to utilize all my experiences in my plays."

Miss Satt could not praise Hull House highly enough for all it had done for her. Like everyone else who has come in contact with Miss Addams, she worships her and has unconsciously absorbed the spirit of her ideals.

During the season that has just closed, the Hull House Dramatic Association has added several new plays to their repertoire. Miss Illington was very glad to loan them the manuscript of "Kindling," to be used only in Hull House, and they were very successful in this drama of the slums. They also worked hard



MARY RYAN

Who is now appearing in Chicago in the amusing farce, "Stop Thief"

to bring out the poetry of Masfield's "Tragedy of Nan," and its grim and bitter irony. Besides these, they gave three one-act plays, "Marse Covington," "By Products," and "Manacles."

Some idea of the standards they are aiming at may be obtained from a list of the plays they have appeared in from the beginning of the organization. They were the first company in Chicago to give Synge's "Riders to the Sea," and Lady Gregory's plays, "Devorgilla," "Grania," "The Workhouse Ward," "Spreading the News," and "Rising of the Moon," and also to give Gilbert's "Palace of Truth," Shaw's "You Never Can Tell," Masfield's "Tragedy of Nan," and Galsworthy's "Pigeon." They have presented "The Magistrate," "The Schoolmistress," "Trelawney of the Wells," and "The Amazons."

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New Stars of This Season

At the two extremes of the stellar arc for this season stand two men of strangely differing types and attainments. Willis Sweatnam left the half-century mark behind him a considerable time ago, though his rubicund face and muscular figure would not betray the fact. He has been a player of many parts, but it is as the unctuous impersonator of wily negro types audiences best remember him. Most recently it was as the tip-seeking, obsequious, pestiferous porter in "Excuse Me," shining of face and intrusive of manner, we saw him. He will be the Uncle Zeb of the play of that name which Henry W. Savage will present this season. The Rupert Hughes comedy will turn as upon a pivot upon the character of this shrewd relic of the "befoh de wah" type, earning a haphazard livelihood in New York by the exercise of his skill and ingenuity as a carpet sweeper.

Mr. Sweatnam joined the company playing "A Bloomer Costume," and he and his two "big sisters," Sallie, afterwards well known on the stage as the dancer, La Belle Louise, and Lottie, who, herself became a favorite in the South, married Harry Howland, an old Museum favorite, used to march through the streets before the performance, the trio of youngsters drawing money to the box office by way of attention attracted in the streets. Mr. Sweatnam went long to the minstrel department of the dramatic school. He was with the Moore and Burgess Minstrel, with Billy Emerson, and twice with Jack Haverly.

But Willis Sweatnam's impersonations were unique.

While most minstrels imitated the "cullud" peculiarity of stuttering, Mr. Sweatnam made the negroes of his creation stammer in thoughts as well as speech. His departures from minstrel lines were successful. He played the part of John Smith, the detective, in "The City Directory," and Abner Green in "Civil Service." One season he appeared in the burlesque "Thrillby," at the Garrick, in New York.

As against Mr. Sweatnam's half century on the stage is Mr. Joseph Santley's score of years. But instead of black face, Mr. Santley, aged twenty-two, brings the roses of youth in his cheeks, and instead of silvery hair the thick waving thatch of adolescence, to his rôle of a dancing, singing juvenile lover in the play in which he is the new risen star at the Lyric Theatre, "When Dreams Come True."

He played in the companies of the late John Lindsay, manager of the Brigham Young Theatre, in Utah, and head of his own companies touring Utah and adjacent states. John Lindsay was his dramatic father, whom he characterizes as "The Robert Mantell of Utah." Master Joey and his brothers Tom and Fred, barnstormed through the west. With their mother, Leona Santley, they were stranded with Harry Pleon, near Chicago. Master Joey played with Corse Payton's Stock Company, with Alma Chester's repertory company, and with Alice Archer in "Jess of the Bar Z Ranch." He was featured in "From Rags to Riches," as "Billy the Kid," and in "A Runaway Boy." Ten years ago we saw him in "From Rags to Riches," saving his stage sister, Laurette Taylor, from the plotting villain who would have stained her fair young life. He became acquainted with Broadway, and Broadway with him, when he succeeded Fletcher Norton in "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge." He supported DeWolf Hopper in "A Matinée Idol," and Marie Cahill in "Judy Forgot." Last season he was with "The Modern Eve." He has become associated with Philip Bartholomae in the production of the farce "Kiss Me Quick," and Mr. Bartholomae has written for him a comedy farce in which he will forswear singing and do but little dancing, from which we may conclude that the man at this end of the arc is also ambitious.

To the chief rôle of "The Great Adventure" Miss Janet Beecher will bring acute intelligence, high purpose and brilliant achievement. Whatever she has played since she made her New York debut as Ida in "The Education of Mr. Pipp" ten years ago she has played well. She was especially happy as Mrs. Arovny, in "The Concert." When this plum of the season fell into her possession there was no dissenting voice in the usual chorus of dissenting voices on and about the Rialto.

Helen Freeman is still for the most part an unknown quantity, save for the announcement that she is David Belasco's newest discovery. She will be featured and, doubtless, eventually starred, the same course followed in the case of Frances Starr in "The Rose of the Rancho," in a new and as yet unnamed play.

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